

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY SATELLITE

NEWSPAPER

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A Specific against Epidemic Fraud.

We have become accustomed to deal with large sums. The enormous appropriations of the war have familiarized us with amounts which before would have appalled us from their magnitude. A special appropriation of a million of dollars six years ago, would have startled the financial public, and given a touch of gravity to the faces of the reckless Congressmen who might have taken the responsibility of voting it. A robbery of ten thousand dollars, or a "breach of trust," or genteel "defalcation" of fifty thousand, would have furnished many columns of detail and comment for the daily press. Now such petty villainies are dismissed with a paragraph. Scoundrelism of the *genus* financial was never so flourishing.

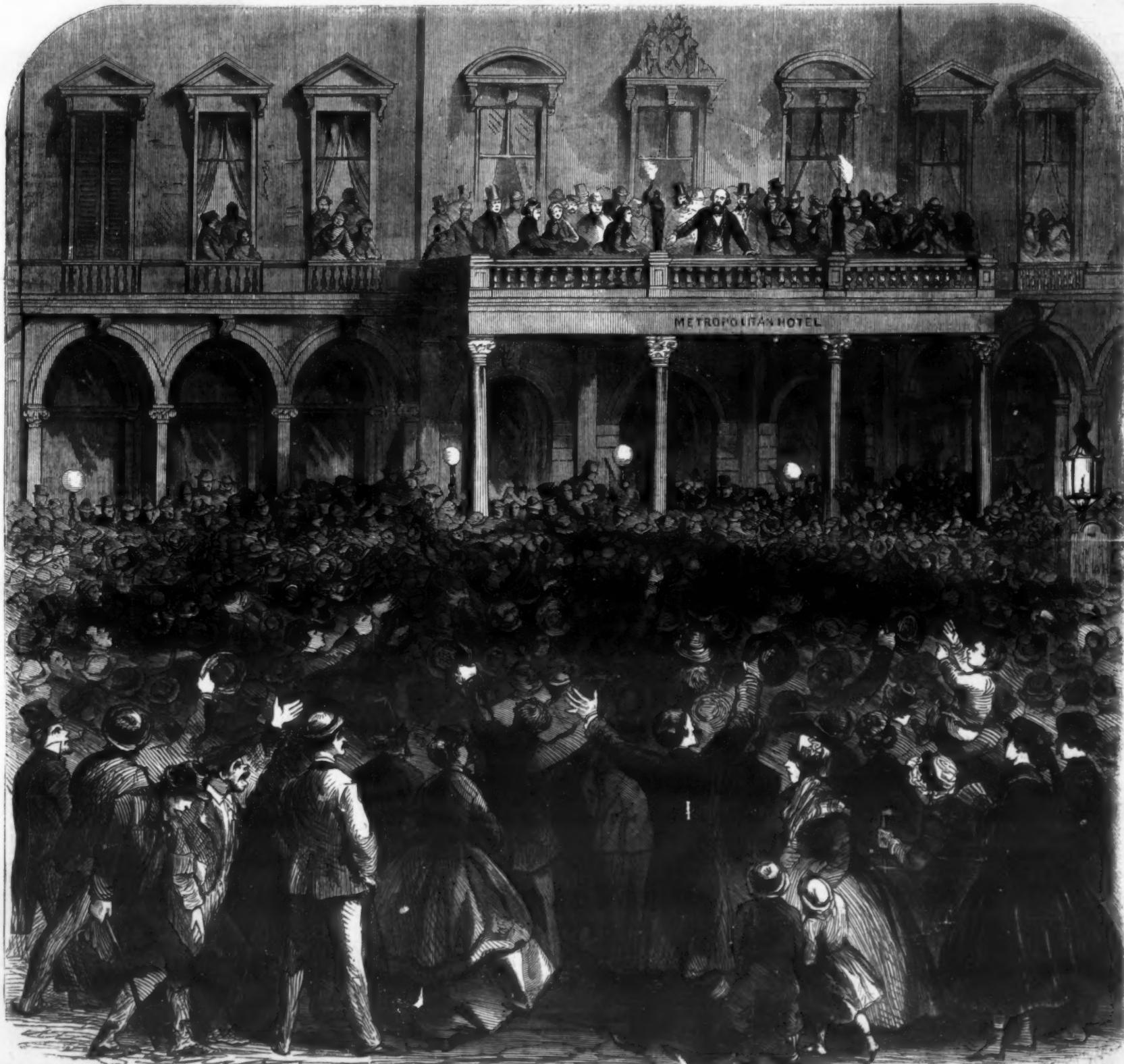
ing as now, and never took such large proportions. The *Tribune* figures up the total of forgeries, robberies, etc., of amounts over \$25,000, and finds that for the year ending May 1st they reach the sum of \$12,536,000! This includes, of course the "Ketcham forgeries," amounting to a quarter of the whole, and the Brown & Co. robbery of a million and a half. Our contemporary seems disposed to regard swindling as a moral epidemic, and if such, may we not regard its late extraordinary manifestations as comets and other phenomena were regarded in the olden time—as portents and precursors of other perturbations, visitations or calamities, such, for instance, as the cholera?

We fancy this financial epidemic is amenable to treatment, and have little faith in the

regimen that gives the criminal afflicted a large proportion of his gains, and immunity from punishment as a condition precedent of restitution. A few years in the State Prison is not a specific cure, nor a successful preventative. Unfortunately a lucky swindler, even after he is condemned as a felon, is regarded with a certain sort of admiration. If Ross, the latest operator, chances to be caught, there will be hundreds, including probably some of his victims, who will be ready to ejaculate, "clever dog!" Suppose he happens to be "sent up," ten to one if his punishment prove to be much more than nominal. He can probably afford, in a money sense, to serve out a few years in the well-regulated and healthful establishment at Sing-Sing, and regard the restraint cheerfully, as likely to give him a keener zest for

the enjoyment of his snug fortune of a quarter of a million in Paris. How many of us spend years on years of toil, exercising all our powers and prudences, under no higher stimulus than the hope of acquiring a quarter of the sum which he may secure through no greater risk than of obtaining free lodgings and thorough sanitary treatment, with benefit of clergy, in the State Hotel?

As President Johnson said of treason in his callow days, and when traitors were not quite so good as loyal men, robbery, forgery, "defalcation" and their affiliated crimes "must be made odious." We propose that their perpetrators be publicly flogged. It was quite a fashion in England for knaves and fools to shoot at the queen, until flogging was substituted for the "drawing and quartering"



RECEPTION OF MR. JAMES STEPHENS, IRISH HEAD-CENTRE, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 10.—SEE PAGE 151.

prescribed by law. The astute Ross, whom we have no doubt is "of pleasing address and gentlemanly exterior," would hardly like to figure in Paris, even with his quarter of a million, when a well-scarred back or the brand of "F" on his shoulder might, at any moment, equally reveal his humiliation and punishment. He would be careful not to commit himself to the arms of Aspasia, or even those of her more debased sisters, with the palpable "odiousness" of his crimes well writ in his flesh.

It is said that the French, Italians, Spaniards, and Irish are given to crimes against the person; the English, to crimes against property, and the Americans, to feats financial—frauds and forgeries. Unfortunately, these do not carry the odium attaching to burglary and assaults "with intent to kill." They seem to be regarded as evidence of that shrewdness or "cuteness" which is a national boast, and as, more or less, venial. They ought to be made "odious," and what is called punishment in the penitentiary (where the culprit is always employed as accountant or in the dispensary), does not make them so, in a preventative sense. A well-weltoned back, however, might be a specific. At any rate, it would make peculation and fraud "odious."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1866.

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Notice—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are imposters.

A National Constitutional Convention.

Since the first of December upward of one hundred propositions have been made for amending the Constitution of the United States, in order to meet the altered circumstances of the nation, and to secure, fundamentally, the results determined by the late war. These numerous propositions are only natural expressions of the general and deep-seated conviction that the Constitution, framed under conditions so different from those which now exist, moral, political, mental and physical, does not meet the requirements of the age, and is only imperfectly adapted to our present needs. The tree of Liberty was but a feeble plant when our Constitution was formed; it is now a giant tree, and has sent off its shoots over a continent. The country was then made up of a few feeble colonies, sparse in population, poor in resources, and limited in territory. It now covers ten times its original area, has more than ten times its original population, is powerful on land and sea, and possessed of resources scarcely computable. When the Constitution was framed, steamers were unknown; the telegraph was not dreamed of; railways did not exist, and the press was weak and limited equally in scope and influence. The country was shut in by the dependencies of powerful, monarchical nations. None of the duties and responsibilities which have devolved on us, as the head of Republican nations, existed. Our limited commerce brought us little in contact with other countries, and in the great family of nations our obligations were few and simple. We had the element of slavery within us, incompatible with democracy or republicanism, which ran through and controlled as well constitutional provisions as legislative enactments.

The highest devices of patriotism and intelligence, matured under circumstances so different from ours, could never meet present requirements. The swaddling clothes of infancy are not fit garments for the man. No one denies in heart that the Constitution requires great, not to say radical change. The cry of impiousness against those who openly propose a change, is the cry of the demagogue. It has been violated to conform to public requirements in more than one instance, and with tacit consent, and will be violated again, whenever any great necessity arises, with equal consent. Is it not better to change it than bring it into contempt by abuse, or to seek to accomplish the object of required changes by doubtful legislation, incompatible with its provisions?

A decent respect for the patriotism and wisdom of our fathers demands that we should approach their work reverently, and in remodeling the edifice they raised; to preserve every stone and column not incompatible with the grandeur and strength of the new and grander structure which we propose to build. We do not believe that all patriotism, wisdom, foresight or principle died out with the framers of the Constitution. We do not believe that if a new Constitutional Convention were to meet, its work would be less perfect than

that of the first assemblage, and we are confident it would be acquiesced in with even greater unanimity than that was.

A series of Constitutional Amendments have just passed the House of Representatives by the requisite two-thirds vote. They contain articles guaranteeing equal protection to life, liberty and property to all citizens of the United States; apportioning representation in Congress according to voters, and not according to population; forbidding the payment of the rebel debt; and depriving all persons who voluntarily took part in the late rebellion of the right to vote for officers of the General Government until July 4, 1870.

It is not our purpose to discuss these amendments; but to declare for a Constitutional Convention as preferable to these desultory additions. We go for rebuilding, instead of patching. The Constitution, to be clear, intelligible, and logical, must be recast. Some things which, like slavery, were incorporated in its very texture, cannot otherwise be got rid of. Besides the constant harassment, turmoil, and bitter discussion on every proposed change in Congress and in State Legislatures, go far to prevent the restoration of that peace and quiet for which the nation is longing.

Let every State, loyal and rebel, be represented in that Convention. The triumph won through superior numbers and greater resources in the field, would be equally assured in the Constitutional Council. The great moral results of the war would be far better secured under a single act, which should be the new nation's new charter, than through amendments intruded here and there into the existing venerable but battered instrument.

Conflicting Reports.

The official report of the Spanish Admiral Mendez Nuñez, giving his account of the recent bombardment of Valparaiso, has been published. In some points it is in flat contradiction of the report of Commodore Rodgers to the Secretary of the Navy, on which we animadverted in our last issue. False and humiliating as was the position in which Commodore Rodgers put himself, according to his own account, it is made much worse by the report of Admiral Nuñez. If the latter be true, Commodore Rodgers has no alternative except to resign a post which he has dishonored, and retire from a profession of which he is unworthy.

Commodore Rodgers told us, in his report that, although he had the power to interfere to prevent the bombardment, and that he had the right to do so, and believed it to be his duty, yet he refrained because, at the last moment, an imbecile British commander declined to join him in the work, and because he was determined not to "singe his paws" in "pulling chestnuts out of the fire," at the risk of being laughed at for his pains. The "pulling chestnuts out of the fire" is Capt. Rodgers's mode of designating the noble act of saving an undefended city from bombardment, and of protecting many millions of foreign and neutral property, including much that was American!

Poor and humiliating as is this explanation, or excuse, it is less discreditable than that which Admiral Nuñez avers was given by Commodore Rodgers to him. He tells us that, when the latter informed him that he should probably be "compelled to resist the bombardment by force," he (Nuñez), replied that "such considerations would not prevent him from executing the orders of the Government,"—thus implying that it was fear of Spanish prowess, and not dread of being laughed at, that led Commodore Rodgers to reconsider his purpose. Of course this is only Spanish self-complacency, for Commodore Rodgers tells that he could have "finished up" Admiral Nunez and his fleet in "from thirty seconds to thirty minutes."

What, however, is most pertinent, and in which lies the contradiction between the reports of the two commanders, is the statement of Admiral Nuñez that, on the 29th of March, he was called on by Commodore Rodgers, who informed him "that he had intended to oppose the bombardment of Valparaiso by force, because he was at the time convinced that Spain could not lawfully do so, and that Chile was in the right; but that subsequently he had arrived at the conclusion that right, moderation, and dignity, were on the side of Spain; wherefore, he not only should not oppose anything, but that his ships would move out of the way at eight o'clock in the morning of the 31st."

Now, as we have said, Com. Rodgers testifies that he regarded the bombardment, when proposed, as contrary to public law, violative of legitimate war, and might be resisted; that he did not resist it because the British Admiral failed to join him; and because he might "singe his paws," and get laughed at. Nuñez tells us, on the other hand, that Com. Rodgers informed him that he had abandoned his intention of interfering, because he had "arrived at the conclusion that right, moderation and dignity were on the side of Spain!" This, according to Nuñez, was on the 29th of March,

On the 31st of the same month Com. Rodgers wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, severely censuring the conduct of Spain, denying her right, which Nuñez says he admitted two days before, expressing the belief that she was acting on a point of etiquette rather than for the accomplishment of any great political end, and that her conduct was in violation of the rules of legitimate war. To leave no room for misapprehension, we quote from Com. Rodgers's report:

"At last Chile had reached the goal in human progress marked by the establishment of religious toleration, and now Spain, on a point of etiquette rather than from any great political end, as I believe, proposed to burn the property and destroy the towns along the sea coast as far as she sees fit. Is it right that she should thus exercise the power of destruction unrestrained along the shores of the Continent?"

"The mode of warfare which Spain proposes is terrible, but it seems to me such as will provoke private animosity rather than coerce national will; and therefore that it is not directed to its legitimate end, and consequently, that such warfare might be resisted."

As the matter stands, Com. Rodgers thought Spain so far wrong before the 29th of March, that he was prepared to forcibly interfere against her; that on the 29th of March she was "right, moderate and dignified;" and that on the 31st of March she was wholly wrong again, acting without just motives, cruelly, and in violation of legitimate warfare. The countrymen of Com. Rodgers do not believe the representations of the Spanish Admiral. They regard his report of the interview of March 29th as untrue, and they expect Com. Rodgers to take means for relieving himself from the false position in which this official publication places him. They feel sufficient regret that he did not prevent the bombardment of Valparaiso; but they do not wish him to appear as having finally approved it as a vindication of "the right, moderation and dignity" of Spain.

THE army raised in the Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, amounted to 231,791, the militia adding one-half of that force, and the navy consisted of four vessels. In 1812 the regulars numbered 32,360, the volunteers 6,000, the militia 30,000, and the navy consisted of eight frigates and 170 gun-boats. In 1815 we had 276 vessels, with 1,636 guns. In March, 1865, we had 684 ships-of-war, with 4,477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies to put down the rebellion was 2,688,000. If to the above be added the quotas constituting the Confederate armies, it will be found that the grand aggregate reached 4,000,000 of men at arms, the largest force ever yet put on a war footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

JOSEPH BARNARD DAVIS, M. D., announces for publication in England "Thesaurus Craniorum," or catalogue of skulls of the various races of man in the collection of the author, the result of many years' research and labor; and containing between fourteen and fifteen hundred specimens of skulls and skeletons derived from every division of the globe, and embracing representatives of the human races of most attainable countries, as well as many of the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

ONE day at the Casino Cadet, in Paris, a fine lady with whom a gentleman was dancing reminded him that he had no gloves on. "It doesn't matter," he replied, "I'll wash my hands after the quadrille."

THE following recipe for cholera has proved effectual in Paris, France, beyond any other:

1 part of laudanum.
1 part of camphorated spirit.
2 parts of tincture of ginger.
2 parts tincture capsicum.
Dose for an Adult: One teaspoonful in a wine-glassful of water. If the case be obstinate, repeat it in three or four hours.

THE stringency of the Massachusetts liquor law has stirred up "Quip," of the Boston Post, into the subjoined effort:

"BLOD" AT THE HUB.
Says Blot, the Professor, "Purbles!"
Now vat in ze 'Hub' vill I do?—
For how vill I cook
By ze rule in ze book
Viz no vine for ze gravy?—*Mon Dieu!*"

MR. BARING GOULD has lately published "The Book of Were-Wolves," in which he recounts a great number of instances, ancient and modern, of persons consumed with a passion for murder, and whose thirst for blood knew no limit. The horrible wretch Probst, now under sentence of death in Philadelphia, for the murder of eight persons, young and old, in a single day, might afford the author of this book a new example of the diabolical tendencies of some strangely unbalanced minds. Mr. Gould finds that the impulse to kill is inherent in man, in common with other carnivora, and argues:

"The sportsman and the fisherman follow a natural instinct to destroy, when they make war on bird, beast, and fish: the pretense that the spoil is sought for the table cannot be made with justice, as the sportsman cares little for the game he has obtained, when once it is consigned to his pouch. The motive for his eager pursuit of bird or beast must be sought elsewhere; it will be found in the natural craving to extinguish life which exists in his soul. Why does a child impulsively strike at a butterfly as it flies past him?" To this question the author replies: "The child strikes at the fluttering creature because it has life in it, and he has an instinct within him impelling him to destroy life wherever he finds it."

It is not a flattering conviction to be entertained that we are all murderers, differing only in degree or modes of manifesting our "impulses."

OBSERVATIONS from high elevations in southern latitudes has long been a desideratum in astro-

nomical science. Lieut. Ashe, Director of the Quebec Observatory, has suggested to the President of the Astronomical Society of London that a first-class telescope should be placed on one of the higher Llanos of the Andes, where, free from the effects of a moist atmosphere, a series of observations of the sun and planets might be carried out. Being himself acquainted with the country, he recommends that the expedition should travel by way of Panama to Arica, in Peru, and thence to the pretty town of Tacna, whence the ascent of the mountains to the selected site would begin. In three days the Pass of Tacna—a height of 14,000 feet—would be reached. Lieut. Ashe intimates that he would be willing to conduct such an expedition, and that the Government of Canada would probably grant him leave of absence and the use of the Quebec telescope of eight inches' aperture.

THE attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia failed through the interposition of Osip Komissaroff, a lately emancipated serf, a hatter. He has been raised to the nobility. The life of the benefactor of the serfs was saved by one of their number.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune*, writing of Acapulco, the principal port of Southern Mexico on the Pacific, says:

"In its best estate Acapulco contains 4,000 people, and the departing Alvarez commanded all friendly to the Republican cause to withdraw, and only 400 remained. Seven thousand Imperialists, all officers and men, native Mexicans, took possession with 250 camp followers. They still hold the city and the old stone fort, half a mile from the water; but, though aided by two French men-of-war, they are not strong enough to dislodge Alvarez, whose flag, in full view, flies defiant from a mountain-top three miles in the rear. With good artillery could shell them out of the fort and the harbor in two hours."

THE London *Athenaeum*, noticing Goodrich's "Tribute Book," and referring to the enormous contributions made by our people in support of our late war, charitably and otherwise, goes on to say:

"The great amount of national devotion is now proudly put before the world; made out as such a grand bill ought to be—not with greedy care for paltry items, not with a cashier's anxiety to swell the total to the uttermost farthing, but with the generous moderation of a munificent giant, who, having given to the full measure of his greatness, is careful not to over-estimate his charity. Thus drawn out, the record makes it clear that whilst the Americans were paying in taxes \$3,000,000 for the prosecution of the war, they voluntarily contributed \$70,000,000 to promote enlistments, to procure representative recruits, to relieve drafted men, to succor the families of volunteers, to sustain the efficiency of the army, to care for the sick and wounded, to send aid to the distressed Unionists within the rebel lines, to feed the impoverished operative abroad, to build soldiers' nests, to endow orphan asylums, to give homes to living officers, and erect monuments to dead ones." Seventy millions of dollars! Let the ladies who are lost in their calculations about Miss Edwards's "Half-a-million of Money," think what these words mean! Let the clever gentlemen who will sneer over the account at their clubs, and mutter something about "Paid in greenbacks; all in greenbacks, bless you," turn these \$70,000,000 into English sovereigns; and after making due allowance for the greenbacks, they will have a rather heavy load of pestiferous gold on hand."

THE Court of Chancery of England has recently reaffirmed its previous holding, that the illustrations of the letter-press of a book form part of such book, and are covered by its copyright.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ANOTHER turn of the kaleidoscope, and the brilliant colors of our New York life assume fresh and fantastic forms. For once our country cousins, who have come up to their annual love-feasts, have not brought gloomy skies with them. The lights of the rural congregations, and the delegates to the various societies, have found no use for their gingham umbrellas, and as they stalk in groups up and down Broadway with solemn visages and well-starched neck-ties, it is certainly not against our weather that they can be called to deliver their testimony on their return home. Will they choose rather to inveigh against the crowds which seem every year to grow larger and larger? or will they allow their wrath to be kindled against the hats which each year grow more bewitching, or the pretty faces under them which become each year more seductive? What can make our reverend and revered friends look so much like the Lamentations of Jeremiah? Have they no sympathies with the life, health, vigor and beauty they see around them, or do their prophetic visions see terrible woes impending over us?

But having quitted his wholesale alarms—already alluded to in our last "Gossip"—Death, descending to particulars, attracts attention by the grotesqueness (if we may be allowed the term) of his visits. Flies have been found in amber, but who would have expected to hear of a man being smothered in sawdust? Not the dust from whence he came; yet not the less melancholy for the family of Patrick O'Rourke, thus as surely and sadly deprived of their head as if he had helplessly fallen into fire or water.

With death naturally is associated destruction; and among other misfortunes, this month brings the usual amount of piles of bricks, torn-up sidewalks, and clouds of dust from falling mortar. With ordinary tenements in Broadway we can part without regret, for we have assurance that their successors will be more worthy of our regard. But when sacrilegious hands tear down a temple consecrated by every pomp of religion to the worship of the Most High, round which clusters so many memories of what is at once most tender and most excellent in the lives of thousands of this and past generations, we feel our pride assailed and our affections cruelly wounded. What has become, we ask ourselves, of the consecration? Was it sold with the Church of St. Thomas? Was it carted off with the old stones, or does it sink into the basement of the new stores? Is consecration hereditary?

The week winds up by a pleasant dinner on board the magnificent screw steamer Queen, belonging to the National Line of Steamers between Liverpool and this port. A company representing the wealth and importance of commerce, the dignity and decorum of the bench, the eloquence of the bar, the popularity of the press, assembled to do honor to the recently appointed Agent to the Company, Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, and every one must cordially echo the sentiment with which the prosperity of the Line was drank, as that of a Company "whose ships united two countries, separated only by the sea!"

Mr. Gough never delivered a more persuasive temperance lecture than one announced for last Sunday by certain benevolent and dignified gentlemen whom the powers at Albany have selected to watch over the morals and manners of our wicked city. Mr. Gough has drawn large crowds, but our lecturers had larger; Mr. Gough has depicted most glowingly the evils of intemperance and urged reform most eloquently, but the speakers on this occasion condemned their discourses into a single utterance, "Touch not, taste not," and a hundred thousand eager listeners gave them their undivided attention.

The bibulous portion of our citizens, from the Battery to King's Bridge, sought their accustomed haunts only to hear the ominous words, like the shrill notes of alarm an old prophet once shouted in the streets of Nineveh, "Touch not, taste not;" for *lager* had ceased to flow, and the fountains of the more exciting ardor were dry, and every saloon, and bar, and groggeries, was locked and sealed, and the irrepressible conflict between law and license, between order and *wassail*, had come. Treats were at a discount, and many feverish lips were constrained to perform to sing—

"Water, cold water's the drink for me," while others found

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop of drink!"

and others, still more fervent than pious, gave expression to their feelings in unrestrained vituperation. A temperance movement is a novelty in this latitude, but the experiment proved more successful than was anticipated, and will be repeated next week.

At Wallack's, on Monday, there was performed a dramatic version of Charles Reade's novel, "It Is Never Too Late to Mend." It has been adapted by the author, and very clumsily has he done it. It has been for some time quite the rage in London, and hence its inevitable resurrection on this side of the Atlantic. We do not like these reality plays, which are to us as distasteful in the drama as the pre-Raphaelite sketches are in art. The novel has been pretty well followed, and some of the scenes are effective. The greatest attraction in the piece is the scenery, which is positively worth a visit on its own account alone. The acting is what might be expected from so admirably trained a company as Wallack's; but, as there is really no great character in the drama, the actors have no opportunity for displaying their individual merits.

At the Academy of Music, Mr. Grau opened a short season on Monday, with "La Traviata," which was quite favorably received, the new *artistes* introduced making a good impression. On Wednesday "Il Trovatore" was produced; followed on Thursday by "Faust." The performances have been excellent, but the audiences were not as large as the character of the operas and the merit of the *artistes* deserved. What was deficient in numbers, however, was made up in enthusiasm, which certainly was well merited.

Barnum's has been crowded during the week, and no wonder, since it appeals to so many classes.

A lively musical comicality has been produced at the Olympic, and has attracted large audiences.

Barney Williams and his wife continue their campaign at the Winter Garden.

Mr. Charles Dillon commences on the 16th a short engagement, and will appear in his favorite character of "Belphegor; or, the Mountebank."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

CONTINUING our exploration of the North Room, we come upon

No. 226, "Saranac Woods," by Mr. J. A. Haws, which is good in color, very fine in drawing, and faithfully renders the characteristics of the Adirondack country, with which his drawings have made us all familiar. This is one of the few good pictures which are very badly hung.

No. 208, "The Frost King," by Mr. C. V. Cranch. This picture is obviously bad, and strongly reminds us of some of Thomas Hood's caricatures. Mr. Cranch is an Academician.

No. 195, "The Story of Mobile Bay," by Mr. A. W. Warren. The story is pleasantly told, and the picture is very good in color.

No. 216, 217, 218, 219. Landscapes, by the late Mr. J. A. Suydam. Among these are some of the best specimens of Mr. Suydam's pictures, which are always pleasant, and very truthfully painted.

No. 171, "The Gun Foundry," by Mr. J. F. Weir. This picture seems, by general consent, to be the leading work of the present exhibition. It attracts more general attention, and has excited more critical comment, than any other picture on the walls. There is good reason for this, independent of its intrinsic merits as a composition and as a painting. The subject chosen is a bold one, and hard to handle; the danger being that, in giving sufficient strength of contrast, an appearance of exaggeration might prevail. There are elements of power in the subject: the cavernous workshop, with its dim distances; the brawny, spectral figure in the intense light of the molten iron; and the countless details, minute but important, all calculated to add a certain weird grandeur to the scene.

The subject of this picture is the great West Point Gun Foundry, and the time chosen is the casting of one of the huge Parrott guns. In the centre is the vast mould sunk deep into the earth; high above it the ponderous crane, bearing the cauldron which the athletic hands, shielded from the intensified heat, are just emptying of its seething contents into the upright flask, which shall give it back cooled, a potent instrument of deadly warfare.

The characteristic of the picture is vivid action. The work itself admits of no delay—the iron must not cool. The figures to the right and left of the cauldron, tilting it over by main strength, are drawn with great spirit. Every muscle is at work, and it is evident that the labor is not light. The figure in front of the flask, holding the rope which guides the motion of the crane or derrick, is admirable, from the air of caution, forethought, and control which is stamped on face and form. The group at the windlass is also full of action, and so of the solitary figure at a distant furnace—the departing point which rests the eye and harmonizes the whole. Mr. Weir has seized a moment of action, and every living thing present is emotionally absorbed in that period. The silent group of spectators on the right, by the fixed, wondering interest they exhibit, intensifies the action of the whole. The entire action of this picture is masterly in its conception and execution.

The picture is honestly painted; no trickery is used. The effect is legitimate, and within the bounds of reality. The glare of the molten iron, without the brightness of fire, is faithfully rendered, and the reflection, which, in less careful hands, might have been merely bright light, is only glare, finely graduated and diffused. The individuals in the group of spectators on the right, are, we understand, portraits of distinguished persons invited to witness the casting of a gun.

All the details of the picture are elaborately worked up to a point of finish, but without deteriorating from the broad and grand effect of the whole.

Mr. Weir has made a marked success by the picture, and has won for himself an individuality by his strong and bold treatment of a common-place yet difficult subject.

HART EDGE.

No. 227, "Tasting the Broth," by Mr. C. F. Blauvelt, is in that gentleman's usual happy manner.

No. 233, "Love Me, Love My Dog," by Mr. Alfred Jones. Evidently a study from nature, spirited and correct. The expression of the child's face is admirable.

No. 238, "Monk in Tuscany," by Mr. Elwin Vedder. The same monk, the same cypress trees, and the same dreary landscape that Mr. Vedder has been painting for years. This gentleman has given us many good pictures; we need only mention his "Lair of the Serpent," a fine conception and very original, and a small picture

of the "Genii Escaping from the Bottle," which, although, perhaps, suggested by a little drawing by Mr. Harvey, in a head-piece to the notes on one of the chapters in Lane's "Arabian Nights," was very cleverly painted. But for two years past Mr. Vedder appears to have assumed the privilege of successful painter, and gives us a great many very poor pictures.

No. 245, "Study on Will's Creek," by Mr. A. H. Wynant. Truthful and rich in color.

No. 234, "Lake George," by Mr. J. F. Kensett. One of his gray pictures, and beautifully modulated in tone throughout.

No. 247, "Sunday Morning," by Mr. Eastman Johnson. A very fine picture, and what faults it has are merely technical. In the first place, there is a want of relief in the shelf over the chimney. Mr. Johnson himself evidently felt this, and has attempted to produce the proper effect by placing strongly colored objects on the shelf itself, but without success. There is also a confusion between the light coming from the window and that which comes down the open mouth of the chimney. There also seems to be a fault in drawing, in the left side of the woman nursing the child—an incident not pleasant in a picture.

No. 248, "Autumn Woods," by Mr. W. Whittredge. Although having some fine qualities, it is not as good as Mr. Whittredge's pictures usually are.

No. 250, "October," by Mr. M. Waterman. Original in composition and good in color. The cattle are, by all odds, the most carefully and truthfully drawn in the exhibition. Another example of a most excellent picture.

No. 261, "Fiddling His Way," by Mr. Eastman Johnson. A most beautiful and glowing piece of color. The incident rendered with great feeling.

No. 256, "Dog and Game," by Mr. E. Terry. As good as it is possible for any still life to be in which such extreme finish is attempted. We notice that Mr. Terry, in his foreshortening, always exaggerates his drawing.

No. 262, "The Studio," by Mr. J. B. Stearns. Bad in color, inexpensive in drawing, and trashy in composition. In fact, any attempt to be specifically critical upon this picture would be simply absurd. A competent and independent tribunal would have excluded it from any exhibition.

No. 265, "The Brunette," by Mr. J. G. Brown. Not so successful as Mr. Brown's pictures usually are. It tells no story, although there is evidently some action intended, which the artist has failed to impart.

No. 267, "The Discarded," by Mr. W. R. Freeman. Full of useful and delicate drawing; the flesh color is particularly good.

No. 268, "Sparkling in the Old Times," by Mr. L. E. Wilmarth. The most noticeable thing about this picture is the monumental brass upon the frame, setting forth that Mr. Wilmarth is a pupil of Gerome. Not much the better for Mr. Wilmarth, and much the worse for Mr. Gerome.

No. 267, "A Glimpse of the Caribbean Sea," by Mr. F. E. Church. It is with great regret that we notice that Mr. Church paints many pictures which fall far below the great reputation he has achieved. Here now is a picture which, like many of Mr. Church's recent efforts, has nothing to recommend it but its oddity. Of late, Mr. Church, judging by his exhibited pictures, seems to see nothing in Nature but her vagaries—what the public call "striking effects," but what we are inclined to call "clap-trap."

In this picture he has probably attempted to express some peculiar modification of the surface of the sea, caused by a long point of land running out from the shore. After patient study, this is all we can comprehend of the intention of the painter; but whatever Mr. Church's intention, he has failed in attaining any fact which ever did exist in nature. His "Caribbean Sea" seems to be suspended in mid-air, and his point of land suggests the side of a mountain cliff, and nothing else whatever. On the whole, without the assistance of the catalogue, this picture would seem to be intended as a pendant to the gentleman's "Star of Bethlehem," and to represent Mount Ararat after the flood, before the waters were drained off. The foreground is petty, and the color is not good.

No. 299, "In the Woods," by Miss M. S. Barston, contains some very careful detail, patiently studied.

No. 300, "Cherries," by Miss V. Granbery. Well arranged and carefully painted.

No. 305, "In Memoriam," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, falls far below the gentleman's best picture. We notice in Mr. Hennessy's pictures this year that he is beginning to ignore the existence of eyes in the human head, a practice which has become quite common with some figure-painters of late, and of which we shall have more to say presently.

No. 309, "Portrait," by Mr. F. Angero. A very fine portrait, good both in drawing and color.

No. 312, "The last of the Ice," by Mr. C. G. Griswold. We should not have noticed this picture, had not our attention been particularly called to it by many very favorable comments. We are always sorry to disparage the works of a young artist, but it would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Griswold if some of the faults of this picture were presented to his notice. In the first place, it shows a great want of patient study and labor; it does not represent truthfully either fog, rain, mist, or any other known condition of the atmosphere; it contains no color whatever, and impresses us with no sentiment whatever—it is simply gray paint. Mr. Griswold might study with advantage Mr. Kensett's picture of "Lake George" (234), which has been hung as a pendant to his own, and in which he will see what may be done with gray tones by the hand of a master.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE March number of *Chicago Illustrated* is a successful continuation of that publication. "Crosby's Opera House" and the "Jesuit Church," the two foremost illustrations contained in this number, are handsomely executed.

DOCTOR KEMP, just published by the American News Company, is a very clever novel. It is full of original humor, and tells exceedingly well "The Story of a Life with a Blemish." The Company also publishes Dr. C. C. Schieffeldecker's pamphlet on "The Nature, Prevention and Cure of Cholera."

TWO new books appear from Carleton's: "Recommended to Mercy," an interesting English novel; and "Adrift in Dixie," by a Yankee officer; a book which will be read with gratification by every man who has aided in effecting the work of Emancipation.

EPICTOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A private letter from Newbern, N. C., says that at the United States District Court, now in session in that city, a white man has just been convicted of passing counterfeit national currency, a black man having been the principal, if not the only witness against him. The writer, speaking of such testimony, says: "This marks a new era in the history of North Carolina, under the Civil Rights principle."

A large eagle having for some time annoyed the people of Atlantic county, New Jersey, by killing their lambs, it was shot by Hope W. Gandy, Jr., in the vicinity of Tuckahoe, one day last week. It measured seven feet seven inches between the tips of the wings.

The editor of a new paper in Nebraska begins his introductory article with the following sentence: "The object in view in the establishment of this paper, is the procuring of means wherewith to buy bread and butter and good clothes."

The Fall River (Mass.) News says: "Mr. Isaac Barker, of Tiverton, R. I., was in town lately, wearing clothing with silver buttons over 200 years old. In company with his brother, Peleg Barker, he owns a home in Fembroke, 12 miles from Plymouth, which is 200 years old. It is still inhabited, has always been in their family, and is believed to be the oldest house in the United States."

The oldest church now existing in this country, is situated near Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va. It was built in the reign of Charles I., between the years 1630 and 1635. The brick and lime and timber were imported from England. The timber is English oak, a fine conception and very original, and a small picture

and was framed in England. The structure is of brick, erected in the most substantial manner. The mortar has become so hardened that it will strike fire in collision with steel.

—A widow lady of Danville, Ky., took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when he arrived at the age of 18 she married him, she then being in her 50th year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. Last fall the old lady died, being 96 years of age, and in seven weeks after the old man married the girl they had raised, he being 86 years old, and she 18.

—The battle-field of Franklin, Tenn., where Hood's men fell by hundreds and were buried, has been rented by the proprietor to freedmen, and is about to be given to the plow. Every Southern State has its representative on this field, and their friends are endeavoring to secure means to remove the bodies before the traces of the graves are trampled out.

—A correspondent, writing from Ballston, N. Y., thinks that mineral water may be obtained there equal in every respect to the Springs of Saratoga. He states that the "stratum of lime rock which outcrops at Saratoga, and above which the mineral waters are found, has been discovered to lay embedded at the depth of about 600 feet in Ballston."

—The Culpepper (Virginia) *Observer* says: "Mrs. James Keith Miller, the sister of Chief Justice Marshall, at a very advanced age, beloved and venerated by all around, is still living, and resides in Faquier County."

—A large cotton factory, called the "Manassas" manufactory, has been built at Carrollton, Miss. It contains 180,000 spindles, 1,300 looms, and will go into operation July 1st. The company owns 1,700 acres of land contiguous to the factory, all well wooded.

—Governor Orr, of South Carolina, has expressed his opinion regarding the teaching of freed people. He believes it is good for them and good for the State. He says the teachers shall be protected in their duties, and that the prejudice against them and their occupation is disappearing.

—A plan for the vault of the Washington Cemetery, intended for the reception of the Union dead who fell on the battle-fields of Virginia, has been approved by the Quartermaster-General. It will be circular in shape, with an interior diameter of 30 feet, and covered with a hemispherical arch or dome. In the top of this dome will be an elliptical opening, covered with a stone tablet, on which proper inscriptions may be made. The vault will be divided into four compartments by two cross walls intersecting at right angles. The remains of Union soldiers are generally distinguished from those of the rebels by the buttons on their uniforms, and sometimes by the descriptions of the deceased enclosed in sealed bottles, which, toward the close of the war, were interred with the bodies of our dead heroes for subsequent identification by their friends or relatives.

—Col. J. W. Burke, of the 10th Ohio, has published a statement of the sufferings of the people for food in North Alabama. He says the destitution extends through all those counties lying south of the Tennessee River, and constituting what is called the mountain region of Alabama. The close of the war found the people destitute even of the necessities of life, and last year, no rain falling throughout that region, their slender crops were burnt to a crisp by the fierce rays of the sun. Without money, crops, or any resources whatever, the people have been reduced to a state of suffering which equals in ghastliness the horrid scenes of the Irish famine years.

—There is an exhibition at Baltimore a model, some 12 feet in diameter, of a revolving vessel, the invention of Mr. George T. Snyder, of Lancaster, Penn. The great novelty embraced in the construction of this vessel consists in a very simple application of the motive power, by which the vessel is made to roll over the water instead of running through it, and so completely arranged that passengers and freight remain stationary, while the hull of the vessel is rapidly revolving.

—The ladies of Columbus, Miss., recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the memory of some 40 Federal soldiers buried near by. This act elicited the approval of the press of that city, which claims that, the war being over, no distinction should be made between the departed heroes of opposite sides.

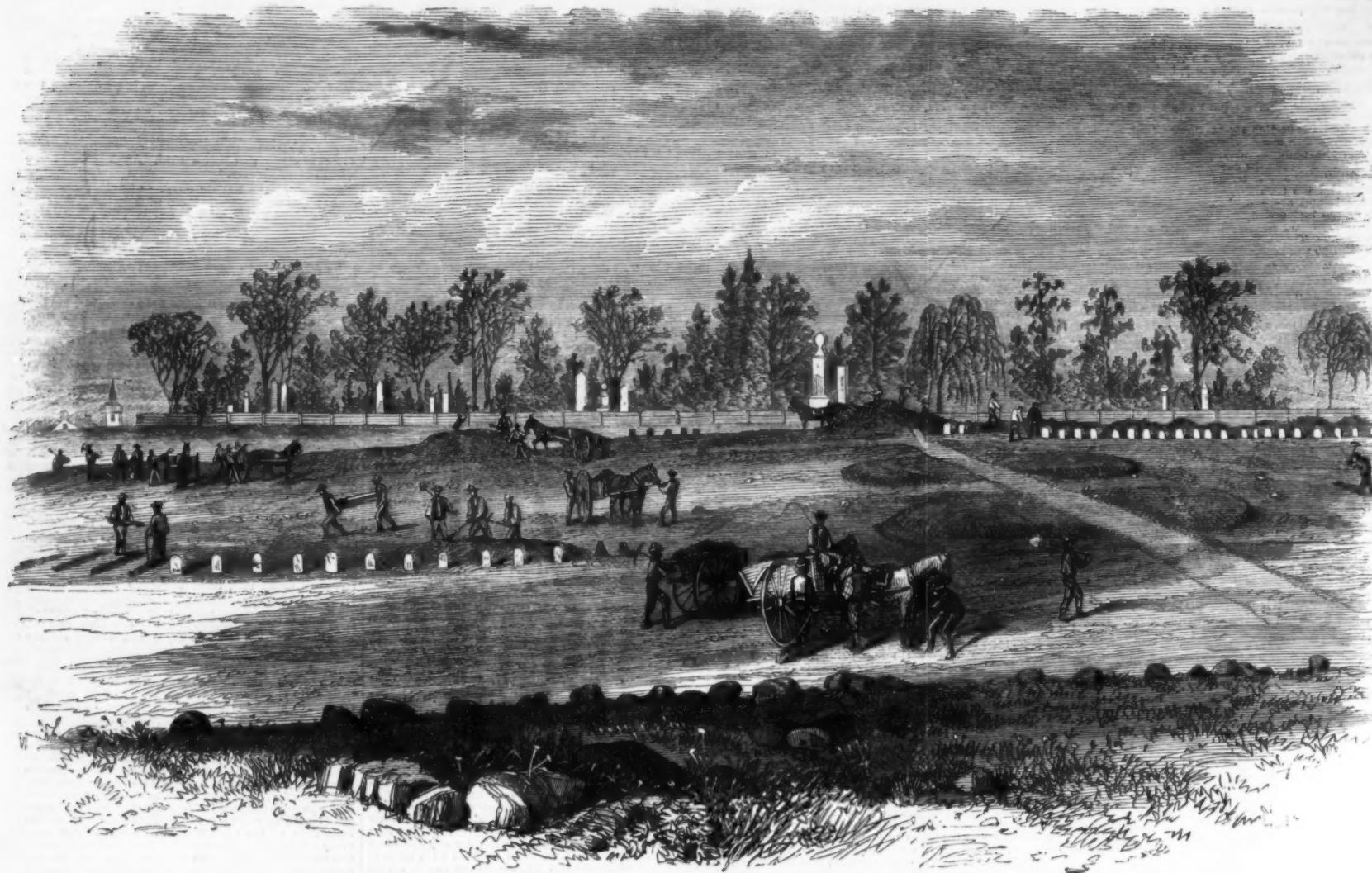
—There are 16 iron-clads now in process of construction, three of them in New York, three at Cincinnati, two each at St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and one each at Boston, Portsmouth, Philadelphia, Brownsville, Pa., and Kensington, Pa.

—In 1860 the commercial railroads within the United States had a total length of 30,793 miles, and cost \$1,151,530,820, and the city railroads had a length of 402 miles, and cost \$14,862,840. The latter depend no more completely upon the home travel of Americans for their passenger receipts than do the former upon American home labor for their freight receipts. The earnings of both come almost wholly from home support. And the stockholders who have invested \$2,000,000 in these roads have, for every dollar they have put in, a direct personal interest in building up American manufactures into a permanent and prosperous system.

—A case involving the legal and constitutional right of polygamy is in process in Salt Lake City. A Gentle married a lady who was claimed as the wife in polygamy of one of the Mormon leaders. The lady, fearing that her children would be claimed by the Mormon, brought the case directly before the United States Court. It was postponed, and in the interim her new husband was shot dead while in the company of the United States Marshal, and in open daylight.

—A bill has been brought into the Legislature of California to make an annual appropriation of \$5,000 to the Bay View Stock Association, in consideration of their having established a race-course near San Francisco, and thus done their utmost toward the improvement of the horses there. The \$5,000 in question is to be distributed in racing premiums; and the San Francisco *Bulletin* thinks that such a disposition of the money will do more good than is effected by \$5,000 to the State Fair, at which it says faro, monte, and roulette et noire are as prominent as the mammoth pumpkins and gigantic beans.

—The Rome (Ala.) *Courier* says that a meeting of the planters was called at Centre, Cherokee, a few days since, for the purpose of ascertaining the actual wants of the people. About 100 men were present, five-sixths of whom before the war had been thrifty farmers. Of this number only seven reported that they had corn enough to do them until the wheat harvest; for a bushel of corn they now offer a bushel of wheat after harvest, or 10 pounds of cotton next Christmas. It is the impression of the editor that 50,000 bushels of corn could be disposed of in Rome on these terms in two



THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WINCHESTER, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER.

Now that the war is ended, and the fierce sions engendered by the conflict have subsided and

angles, in which the unknown dead will be deposited. A monument is to be erected at the intersection of these angles. The different States are to be represented by the squares into which the remainder of the lot is divided. Already 750 bodies are interred, and within a year it is expected that 3,000 will here find a resting-place.

The scheme of establishing this Cemetery originated with the ladies of the South, who are making active exertions to complete it and collect and bury within it the bodies of their soldiers, and, they hope within a year, to have their noble work accomplished.

DRAG-HUNT IN IRELAND.

THE practice is adopted in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere, of dragging a red-herring along a particular line of country, in order to get up a mock chase when reynard or other subjects of sport cannot be got to rise. A hunt of this description, which is portrayed in our engraving, took place recently in the county of Dublin, and excited a very large amount of interest. It was expected to produce considerable sport, and those who drove to Ashbourne on the occasion were by no means disappointed. The day was clear, and the sun shone brightly; but there was a bitter wind from the north, and all the wrappers and overcoats of the sight-seers were called into requisition. There was no lack of excitements, nor were any of the amusing accessories of a great sporting event wanting. There was a large muster of turfites and betting-men; and the race of the day caused considerable speculation, al-

though, from the immense number of entries, the issue was more than doubtful.

The arrangements made by the stewards were admirable. A fine course of nearly four miles was chosen, commencing at the eight-mile stone, on the Ashbourne road, and terminating at the Fairy House, which commanded a fine view of the finish of the race. As this was the first drag-hunt held under the auspices of the gentlemen of the Ward Hunt, it would have been rather injudicious that all the fences should have been up to the standard. But there were some very difficult leaps, and not a few of the starters came to grief before they had completed the first mile. The course was nearly straight, and there were some capital adjacent standpoints, from which the spectators saw the running to great advantage.

Half-past two arrived, and every one stood on tiptoe and strained the eyes to ward Ashbourne, but for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour there was no sign of the red-coats. Then the cry of the hounds was heard at a distance, and presently a man was seen running through the field, trailing something covered up in canvas at the end of a long string. These were the herrings; but where were the hounds? The scarlet coats were seen in less than a minute, and a long string of riders descended a little eminence about half a mile away, led by ten lengths or so by some one on a chestnut horse. The crowd scattered away, and about 40 horses, separated by long intervals, crossed Morrin's field at a pace by no means rapid. The ditch brought one or two to grief; but the chestnut was still leading, and his rider took matter exceedingly cool, as he well might, for his seemed about the freshest and best horse in the field. At length two or three couple of hounds, completely puzzled, showed among the last horses; but by this time the hunt was over and the prizes were won.

CROSSING THE LAVA FIELDS IN ICELAND.

IT is only within a few years that Iceland has become a point of interest to travelers, and its wondrous scenery introduced to the lovers of the picturesque. No portion of the world possesses greater attraction to the visitor, while its volcano, its geysers, and the quaint and simple manners of its people, are a constant source of amusement and instruction to the tourist.

Our illustration presents a view of the desolating effects of a volcanic eruption, and shows a party of travelers crossing the lava-fields extending around the base of the mountain. To one who has never traversed such a district, it would be difficult to convey a just idea of the scene presented by the chaos of ridges and pinnacles, and wave-like swells of lava, which, torn and separated by cavernous rents, cover an area of many miles. Perhaps one may liken it to a sea of breakers, that, during the raging of a hurricane, has been suddenly turned to stone, or, as regards outline and form, to a glacier, in a part where it is most crevassed. The lava is of a brownish purple tint, and covered, to a great extent, with a carpeting of hoary moss, thick and soft as a cushion. Nature has left a serpentine track, or route, by which the clever Icelandic ponies cross from side to side of the field, bearing their riders safely over apparently impassable barriers.

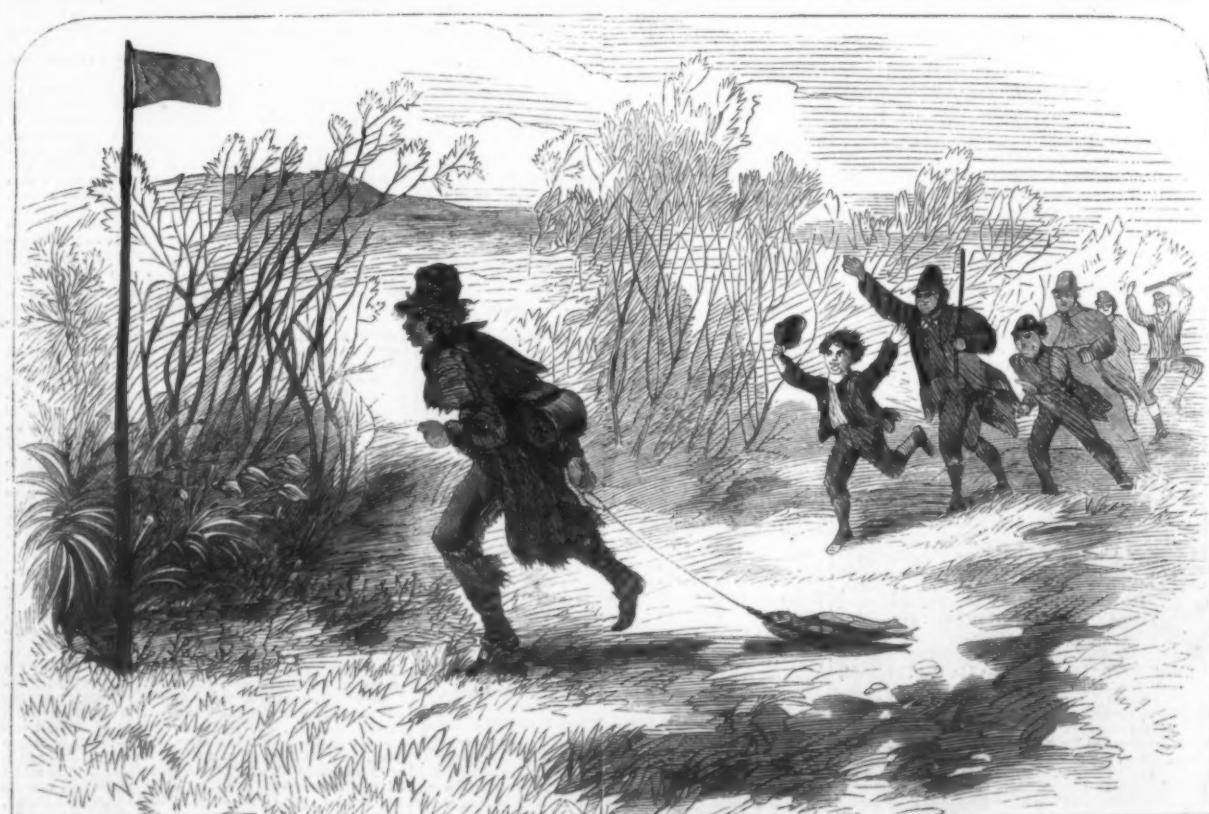
MAJ.-GEN. NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

THIS gentleman, who occupies, at this moment the distinguished and responsible position of Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House of Representatives, is no exception to the rule



STOVE PRESENTED BY GEORGE III. TO THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES, AT WILLIAMSBURG, VA., IN 1787, AND STILL IN USE AT RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 151.

are forgotten, a common humanity directs universal attention to the remains of those who fell in the struggle, and were, for a time, neglected. Adjoining the people's cemetery at Winchester, a lot of five acres has been secured as a burial place for Southern soldiers who were killed in the various battles near that place. In the centre of the lot is an Oblong, divided into four



A DRAG HUNT IN IRELAND.

that our most eminent men are the creations of our institutions, and spring from what in other countries are called "the humble classes." The exceptional public character of eminence is he who has sprung from any other sphere; and partial biographers, if they would seek to deduce anything from adventurous circumstances of birth or fortune, would be obliged to say, "although born of an old and wealthy family, etc., he nevertheless rose to be, etc., etc." There would be something singular and novel in this; but to say of the hero that he carried grain to the mill, like Clay, or mowed grass, like Webster, or split rails, like Lincoln, or wound "bobbins," like Banks, would be only to repeat, with trifling variations, the story of nearly every public man, or, for that matter, of every author, artist, or merchant of distinction in America.

With the remark, then, that Gen. Banks was born in Waltham, Mass., in 1816, and that he became an editor in Lowell, and after six ineffectual efforts was elected a member of the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1848, of which he became Speaker in 1850, we come to his real entry into public life in 1853.

In December of that year he took his seat in the national Capitol as a Representative from Massachusetts in the Thirty-third Congress, to which he had been elected on the joint nomination of the Democratic and of the American parties. In the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill he took high rank as a forcible speaker, commanding the attention of the House, and demonstrated that the Federal Government was changed from its original purposes, not merely to a recognition but to a propagation of slavery. He also advocated in an able speech the abolition of military supervision of the national armories, because they were not military, but mechanical departments. He did not see any more connection between the manufacture of arms and the military departments of Government, than between the manufactures of cloth for uniforms, or of the paper on which bulletins were printed, and the same departments.

Mr. Banks was re-elected to the Thirty-fourth Congress which commenced its first session amid scenes of unprecedented excitement attending the election of a Speaker. For nine weeks the organization of the House was protracted by the dogged obstinacy of party men, the complications of party views, and the maneuvering of party leaders. At last—on the 133d ballot—Mr. Banks was elected by a plurality of three votes, and was escorted to the chair by his opponent, Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina. After thanking the House for the honor conferred upon him,

LEADERS IN CONGRESS—HON. N. P. BANKS, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

the newly-elected Speaker said: "I have no personal objects to accomplish. I am animated by the single desire that I may in some degree aid in maintaining the well-established principles of our Government in their original and American signification; in developing the material interests of that portion of the con-

tinent we occupy, so far as we may do so within the limited and legitimate powers conferred upon us."

Mr. Banks was re-elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress, but resigned after the first month of the first session, having been chosen Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by a plurality of

habits of thought and strength of will. When he speaks, there is no attempt at display, no apparent labor, but as he progresses, the ignorant are astonished that what seemed unintelligible has become suddenly self-evident, and the stupid are charmed with the consciousness of their awakened powers of perception.

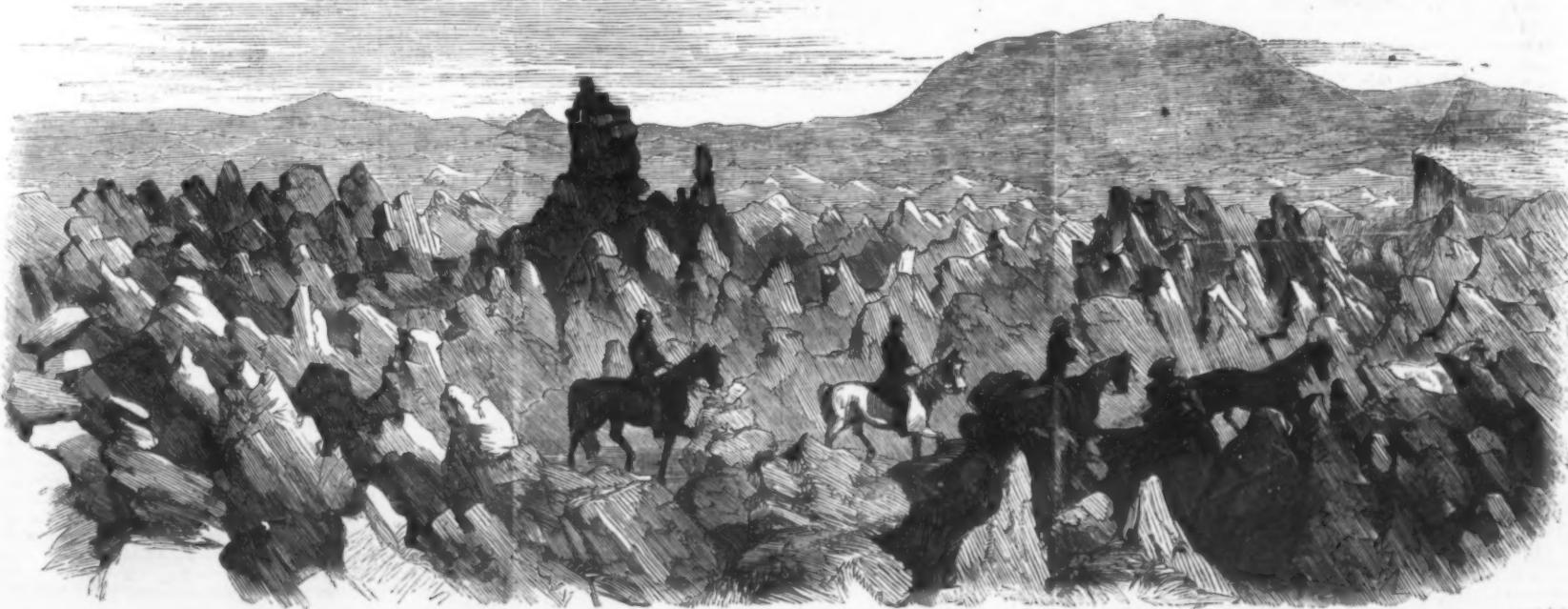


24,000 votes. This position he filled with such honor and ability, that he was re-elected in 1858 and again in 1859. While he occupied the gubernatorial chair, he did much to improve the educational and philanthropic institutions of Massachusetts, and—in view of the coming conflict which he saw was impending—he re-organized the volunteer militia of the State. The regiments of Massachusetts volunteers which hastened to the Capital in April, 1861, had been organized, equipped, and drilled under the direction of Nathaniel P. Banks as commander-in-chief. In 1859 he assembled all the volunteer militia of the State at an encampment on the historical fields of Concord, and of the 7,000 or 8,000 men there engaged in mimic warfare for three days, over 5,000 afterward rallied around the flag of our Union, and over 2,000 fell in its defense.

In 1860 Gen. Banks accepted an offer from the Illinois Central Railroad to become its principal executive officer, and he removed to Chicago, but when the war broke out, he was one of the first to take the field. His record as Maj. Gen. of Volunteers has yet to be written, when the obstacles which he had to encounter from subordinates "educated at West Point" can be stated, and when the political jealousies of the times can be made known. President Lincoln always used to call him his "general who made no trouble," so just were his actions, and so impartial was he in his treatment of civilians. At Baltimore in the Shenandoah Valley—or while in command of Louisiana—Gen. Banks displayed the same ability which had marked the previous stages of his career. Fortune did not always favor him, but he won the affection of the troops who served under him, and commanded the respect of his enemies.

Returning to Massachusetts from Louisiana in the fall of 1865, Gen. Banks was unexpectedly and immediately re-nominated for the House of Representatives, to the disgust of several politicians who were scrambling for the place. The people elected him as they had before, by a triumphant majority, and on taking his seat in the House he was placed at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His first speech, on his return to the congressional arena, was in favor of having the United States properly represented at the International Exposition in 1867 and thus enabled to honorably compete for the palm of invention in all those industrial arts which contribute most essentially to the glory of our race. They confer more substantial glory on individuals and on nations than the trophies of successful warfare, which are always bedewed with tears and stained with blood.

Gen. Banks is a grave and earnest speaker, who never fails to command attention, and to interest while he instructs. He is of middle-size, rather spare in form, with features which indicate



CROSSING THE LAVA FIELD OF THE KAPELLA HAVEN, ICELAND

THE HANGBIRD'S NEST.

BY ALFRED B. SWEET.

Oh! the hangbird hangs his hammock high
On the top of the maple dome!
The nearer the hangbird climbs the sky
The better he is at home.
He whistles and whistles as he works,
And his hammock is presently hung;
And then how he flutters and blinks and jerks!
For his thoughts are full of his young.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When his hammock well is hung,
How he pricks his feathers and nods his head!
For his thoughts are full of his young!

Oh! the hangbird comes with the summer blue,
For his is a tender frame!
And his plumage is steeped in the glowing-hue,
Where the sun gleams ever in flame.
He comes when only the dogwood flowers,
In the beautiful month of June,
Then, then, in the depth of the wild-wood bowers
You list his melodious tune!
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
He comes with the soft warm moon
With the rose of the garden and sunlight shower,
To sing his melodious tune.

All through the summer the hangbird stays,
In his yellow and saffron dress;
And by-and-by, faint, through the lovely days
Chirpings are heard in the nest.
Oh! then how the hangbird flutters and sings,
And launches abroad for food;
Oh! then how the hangbird quivers his wings
Far away in the loneliest wood.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When chirps his little brood,
How joyous he flutters and merrily sings,
And away to the loneliest wood.

Oh! the hangbird, he waits not for winter to
frown,
Nor the least little flurry of snow;
When his fledglings are reared, then away, away
down
The warm South his wings blithesomely go.
Away, away down, where the summer's bright
crown
Is never displaced by the cold;
Where the blossoms bloom ever and winter comes
never,
And all smiles in green and in gold.
Oh! the hangbird, the hangbird!
When the clouds from the North are rolled,
Then comes he with strain, hangs his hammock
again,
As June smiles in green and in gold.

ROSENTHAL.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

SALOME BROCKE stood on the steps of the orphan asylum which had sheltered her young head since her father died, looking at the long rows of windows, the tops of trees swaying above the white palings, and then with a dry sob turned to the matron.

"Good-by, ma'am," she said; "you've been very kind to me, and I thank you!"

"Good-by, my poor child! Be a good girl and God will take care of you."

"Indeed, Mrs. Mason, I'll try to be good," sobbed the orphan, and went her way, leaving behind her the only friend, almost the only acquaintance she had in the world.

It was a brave heart, though, which stifled its loneliness, and looked out of the deep-set, solemn eyes. Her mother had only kissed her baby, and then died; her father had been a talented pianist, with all the deep pathos, the dreamy passion, of Germany, and all its inclination to skeptical mysticism and reckless dissipation. He loved his daughter, and left her as an inheritance a musical genius equal to his, and a knowledge of the piano, to a total exclusion of every other branch of education. By dint of studying the titles of books and street placards, between her music lessons, Salome had first learned to read. A lodger in the opposite garret had taught her to write and spell; then her father suddenly died, and the thirteen years' old waif, took refuge in the asylum, till a home could be found for her. She was just going to the place procured.

Gravely she traversed the pavements where the autumn sunlight lay in mottled shine and shadow, till she reached a handsome part of the city; tall houses, with hanging cornices and rich carving, and a quaint air of old-fashioned aristocracy, rose a little back from the street, and shielded their windows and piazzas with clusters of late flowering cereals, Cherokee roses and the stately splendor of blossoming oleanders.

Before one of them, the oldest and handsomest of all, Salome paused an instant before ringing the bell. Then with nervous fingers she seized the silver knob, and trembled when the great door opened in answer to her summons.

A dark-faced man, followed by three others, came into the hall.

"Wall, child, what do you want?" he asked, almost sharply.

"I am some to live with Mrs. Liscombe, sir. Will you tell me where to find her?" Salome's full, rich voice and earnest eyes demanded a considerate answer.

"You rang the wrong bell;" then turning to the others, "excuse me, gentlemen, while I show this young lady to the housekeeper's room."

They went through the hall in silence. Stopping at a closed door—

"What is your name?" the gentleman asked, abruptly.

"Salome Brocke, sir."

"And what, pray, is Mrs. Liscombe going to do with you?"

"I am to help her, and look after Miss Elisé."

"And who is going to look after you?"

"I always take care of myself, sir."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am!" said he, bowing with mock deference. "Let me advise you, however, to let Miss Elisé learn to do the same. Here"—he added, opening the door—"Mrs. Liscombe, allow me to present Miss Brocke."

With a quizzical laugh, he gently pushed the girl into a great, comfortable room, where a matron of forty-five years, with an ample, comely person, came forward to greet the stranger.

"Come in, my dear; I have been expecting you," she said, "but where did Mr. Rosenthal pick you up?"

"I met him and others in the hall, ma'am."

"Ah! you should have rung the servants' bell." Then the lady went on, in a pleasant, gossipy way:

"Well, child, I hope you will be very happy and comfortable with us; there are two servants, but you may, if you like, take your meals with me. Miss Elisé dines here, except when she can coax her uncle to let her sit at table with his friends. She and I both breakfast with him; you must not mind eating one meal alone. Here comes Elisé. This is Salome, my dear," she said to a girl who came into the room, a song trilling from her red lips, the long feathered curls of her golden hair making an aureole of radiance round her head which swayed and dipped to the tune she sang; and then, seeing Salome stand waiting before her, she sprang forward, and slipping her little hand in hers, said:

"How do you do, Salome? Mrs. Liscombe says you are an orphan, and I am one, too; so I mean to love you dearly. Kiss me, will you?"

Salome wrapped her arms around the slender child, and with the kiss she laid on those upturned lips, she sealed a love born of unlooked-for kindness, and tender as her own sensitive heart.

Of nearly the same age, the contrast between them could hardly have been greater. Elisé small and delicately formed, but all aglow with vivid, living color and motion unrestrained. Salome was tall, bending a little forward, as though her young shoulders felt their burden; her hair black as ink, without ripple or gloss, folded smoothly back from a forehead masculine in its proportions, and only curving into grace at the temples; across it the black brows almost met in a straight line above the deep-set eyes, dark, thoughtful, almost to sombreness. Their dress was as different as their persons; the one robed in floating muslins looped with delicate ribbons, her white neck and blue-veined arms bare and dimpled; the other clad in dull black; not an atom of complexion visible, save her colorless face and long fair hands.

Mrs. Liscombe's heart went out in motherly sympathy to the quiet girl who had come among them to be a servant, but who seemed more likely to be a favorite; and she resolved to speak to Mr. Rosenthal concerning her; indifferent and haughty as he was, he might object to this new inmate of his house.

While she was thinking, Elisé was talking to and caressing Salome.

"Come with me and I will show you the rooms and the garden," she said; "that is, if you would like it—shall you?"

"Perhaps I ought not," Salome answered, looking toward the housekeeper.

"Yes, go; do what you and Miss Elisé like to-day," was the reply; and the two went hand in hand through a glass door on to the terrace, where the scent of heliotropes and dying roses breathed the faint odor of bloom and decay; down below the broad steps a fountain plashed its clear waters into a marble basin, and kept up a perpetual music of gush and ripple.

Salome sat down by the basin, and taking a cluster of flowers which Elisé gave her, pressed them to her lips to hide their quivering; the sense of pleasure she felt in that beautiful spot was so exquisite, it was almost pain.

She questioned Elisé about the books she studied, and confided to her how intense was her own wish to be educated.

"Yes, it is nice to go to school," Elisé assented, "but I do get awfully tired sometimes; but Uncle Maurice doesn't pity me a bit; and when I tell him I hate music-lessons, his eyes blaze like fire, and I run to Mrs. Liscombe."

"But you can't dislike music!" cried Salome. "Oh! how I love it! The beautiful melodious tones! Poor papa, if I could only hear you sing and play for me again!"

All her desolate orphanhood swept over her, and her whole figure bent and swayed beneath the storm of sobs her recollections excited. Elisé, pale and trembling, tried in vain to soothe her; she heeded nothing until a strong hand raised her to her feet, and a voice, gentle but authoritative, commanded:

"Hush! Salome, hush! You must not cry that way, let what will be the matter."

It was Rosenthal. Salome struggled with her wild emotion a moment; then, shutting her white lips together, stood before him.

"Come with me, both of you," he said, and taking a hand of each, led them into a room, whose book-shelves, paper-strewn tables, and couch-like chairs, betokened a place devoted to study and ease.

"Tell Mrs. Liscombe to send in some wine, Elisé," said Rosenthal, putting Salome in a great gulf of a chair which swallowed the dark little figure, all, save the pallid face, with its sombre eyes.

When she was comfortable he left her, and crossing the room, opened a melodeon, striking first a firm chord here and there; then his fingers moved gently along the key-board, as though they were touching some living, sentient thing, which pulsed and quivered like a heart in pain; then, when Salome's tight lips relaxed and her sombre eyes grew soft, the full swell of harmony swept up from the instrument, caressing and unfolding the desolate soul of the orphan.

Rosenthal played upon that melodeon just as he did everything else—to perfection; just so he had always played on women's hearts and men's passions, making their chords and strings answer at his will.

Every nerve in Salome Brocke's body was alive to the music; it soothed and embraced her in a dream of wondrous peace.

Elisé came in with the wine, and Rosenthal went to her, with a triumphant look at the girl's transformed face; she just touched her lips to the glass he offered, and without a word, crossed over to the melodeon. Tremulous and uncertain the notes dropped from her fingers, while she accustomed herself to the instrument, and then the delicious contralto of her voice mounted aloft in that sweetest, saddest chant that ever was uttered in words, "By the Rivers of Babylon."

All the longing, the heart-sickness, the tenderness of memory, and hopelessness of despair, through which just one gleam of the eternal love of the Father prophesied a long delayed peace—all this sobbed, and panted, and prayed in that outburst of a burdened soul.

Wonder and admiration kept her auditors silent, till the last notes pulsed through the room, and then Rosenthal, with the rare sweet smile on his cold mouth, looked at Salome without a word for many minutes. Elisé threw her arms round the youthful performer, and broke out with a flood of childlike praises; but the man, with a wondrous light in his dusky eyes, led Salome from the melodeon to a sofa, and standing near her, naked gently:

"Who taught you to play like that, child?"

"My father, sir."

"And who was he—a musician?"

"Yes; he played the piano for concerts."

"And what do you intend to do—play for concerts, too, perhaps?"

"I am to be Mrs. Liscombe's servant, I suppose, sir."

"Rather a doubtful supposition that, Miss Salome," laughed Rosenthal. "Have you ever been to school?"

"No; I used to go to Miss Richard's room and hear her read poetry, though. I like that," she said, decidedly.

"Oh, you do! Will you tell me which of the poems is most honored by your preference?"

Salome noted the irony in his voice, and a look in her sombre eyes warned him not to go too far.

It was in vain that he questioned her after; nothing that he or Elisé could say overcame the cold reticence with which she surrounded herself.

Long after the two children had gone to the housekeeper's room, Rosenthal sat there, all the sardonic mirth gone from his clear-cut face; a shadow of grave thoughtfulness brought out the latent tenderness of a countenance which experience, not nature, had hardened. Handsome beyond most men, Rosenthal's stern forehead and cynical mouth told of a thousand battles in which honor and manhood fought against impulse and passion. Looking at him, you knew he had been so near the fires of hell that its flames scorched him; unnumbered experiences lay behind him; remembrances of places that had sullied his life like plague-spots; days and nights at the far-table, when the morning found him fevered, haggard, and hot with wine and excitement; hours in dancing-saloons, where the fetid breath of iniquity mingled with the sickening perfume of decaying flowers, where the chandeliers glanced back the unholy flames in the eyes of bold-browed women, and beauty, wine, and music were poured out as incense unto strange gods.

It was those things that stamped his face with the thoughts in his heart—that made him doubt and smile with sardonic grimness at the chivalry of young men, and seeming fairness and purity of young women. He looked at human nature through the lens of his own passions and the work they had wrought, and his estimate of mankind brought its own punishment; for what other thing can so eat into and canker the soul as that eternal doubt and suspicion, which forever seeks evil, turning over, with infidel and sacrilegious fingers, all that is lovely and holy, to find, if possible, the same scars that mar their own inner life? Heaven keep me from looking on the world through such spectacles!

Rosenthal's sympathy went out to Salome as he thought of her in lone orphanage—friendless, homeless, but for him. Under it all he saw the warm, passionate woman nature, strong and capable, he knew; but he asked himself, again and again, if the inevitable frailties would not develop with all the rest? Should he take her into his care, show her the fresh, sweet side of life, mature the intellect housed in that grand brow, and thus give her the power, if she chose to use it, of stirring him with ingratitude, and make of him a twofold fool?—for he had tried it once before—or should he leave her in the position she was born to—a servant to him and his?

His brows bent and corrugated as he thought. At last he strode across the room, and looking at his face in the mirror—

"Maurice Rosenthal, will you be a cursed fool once more?" he asked himself fiercely; then, with a pleasant laugh:

"I think I will, my excellency," he answered.

In a moment his clanging bell brought Mrs. Liscombe to the library.

"Is there a spare room in order, madam?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Be kind enough to conduct Miss Salome Brocke to it; give her possession, and order the servants to serve her as they do Miss Elisé."

"S-i-r?" stammered the astonished housekeeper.

"You will not question, but attend to my request," he went on, coldly. "In the meantime, send the girl to me."

"What does the man mean?" she muttered; but knowing from experience it was useless to ask an explanation until her master chose to give it, she had nothing to do but obey

Almost before he knew it, Salome's grave face looked up into his; he held a hand toward her, and when her slender palm touched his, a soft, sweet look stole into his eyes and was reflected in her upturned countenance.

"Do you think you can believe in and trust me, child?" he asked.

It was a long, searching gaze which dived down to the very depths of his thoughts.

"I am sure I can, sir," she answered, gravely.

"Then listen to me. From this time you will share every advantage that Elisé possesses; you long for an education, it shall be yours. Whatever you want that is unprovided you will ask for without hesitation. In return, I shall require your confidence, and submission to the control I may choose to exercise over you. What have you to say, Salome?"

"Oh, sir, I am grateful—I can never tell how much so! And I will obey you as I would my own father, in all possible things," cried the orphan, laying her cheek on the hand she held.

"I shall not ask impossibilities, child," said Rosenthal, smiling at her earnestness. "But come! We have had events enough for one day. My first command is that you go to the room Mrs. Liscombe will show you, and rest two hours at least; then you may come to this room for the evening, if you like. I shall not be here; but remember, you are to use everything in it, at all times that it may please you to do so. And now, good-by, until to-morrow!"

So saying he led her to the door, where she raised her eyes, thick with tears, to his, and the words of thanks on her lips quivered away into gasping sobs. Poor Salome! It was so new a thing to be cared for like that!

CHAPTER II.

ONE—two—three—four—five! How the years drop away! Glad and sad—merry and solemn! Eternity gathers them all in her lap, and the evolutions of the universe mark the record of their passage. Men forever moralize over their lessons, and forever go on their way, forgetting what they have taught. Oh, for a life that would span the ages, and a comprehension that should grasp their secrets! That is what Maurice Rosenthal thought as he stood gazing out on the starry, moonless midnight, the same handsome gentleman he was five years ago—the same, save that a furrow or two crossed his forehead, and the cynical sneer of his lip seemed curving into sadness. His life, gay to the outside world, had taken new tints of gentleness at home ever since Salome Brocke found her way to his heart—a tender heart, by the way, when once its crust of worldliness and suspicion was broken through. Salome repaid his affection with a reverent love and a respect that was almost fear. She studied his face, and its beauty awed, its coldness chilled her. Never harsh or loud, there was at times a quiet vindictiveness, a patient fierceness in his voice and eyes, which made his words gleam and cut like blades of Damascus steel. Then her brave soul fired with opposition to his sneering bitterness, her girlish lips gave back thrust for thrust, scorn for scorn; her weapons for ever sharpened to wage war in the name of Nature, of Heroism, and Purity. If he railed at the dogmas of revealed religion, she proclaimed her invincible faith in the traditions of Christianity; if he ridiculed the palpable superstitions of the church, she held up the dispicable selfishness, the pollutions, and sensuality of Paganism and its vanished rites. For months she kept her belief intact: neither profound sophistry nor unanswerable argument shook her faith in the Divine Essence, whose grandest exposition of love and power was seen in the development of the human race. At length indiscriminate reading accomplished silently what talking would never have done. Richter's sombre visions shadowed her in solemn sublimity; in Goethe's grand imagery she saw portrayed the growth of spiritual life, and the fatal chain of dispositions and circumstances, which lead us to the inevitable end; Wilhelm Meister was the type of the one—Faust and Mephistopheles of the other.

Full of the mysticism, which was her birth

Rosenthal set his white teeth together, and with a definite purpose in his eyes, strode into the house, up stairs to the door of Salome's chamber; it was partially unclosed, and he paused to note the occupant. Absorbed in her reading, his light step had not disturbed her, and the intense, bewildered excitement she was undergoing, showed itself in the tightly clenched hand and painfully drawn lips. Suddenly dropping her face on the book with a low cry, she sobbed rather than spoke the words:

"Oh, Jean Paul! was your vision real—did you dream a truth? Is there, indeed, no law, no father, no God, but only chance? Who can tell—who can help me?"

There was a panting despair in voice and words, which smote Rosenthal like a dagger-thrust of accusation; the stern rebuke he had meditated melted into sympathy. Going forward and laying his hand on her shoulder:

"Salome!" he said; "Salome, my poor child! what is it?"

At the soft tones, she raised her eyes to his a moment, then:

"Oh, sir!" she began, "I am blinded and lost in interminable shadows! Mr. Rosenthal, you are years and years older than I—a thousand-fold wiser! I know you cast the Bible aside as unworthy belief. The system taught by the fishermen of Galilee is to you an absurdity. In God's name, tell me what you do believe! Where have your feet found a resting-place?"

"Hush! child, calm yourself!" said Rosenthal, in awful doubt how to answer this outburst. "Not by such visionary guides as this have I found safety. Salome, in Nature, in her sublime, unchanging laws and the never-failing accomplishment of their purposes, do I place my faith, such as it is. That there is something Infinite beyond her finite, I believe. But what it is, Infinity alone can comprehend; nor is it necessary. We suffer, we enjoy; we live and die; every son and daughter of earth shares the universal destiny. Why trouble ourselves to find the hand which impels it? The blows will be just as hard; the caresses just as sweet, if they come to us in ignorance, as though our aspirations were answered and the statue of truth stood unavailed before us!"

The girl looked at his troubled face, long and wistfully. He had evaded her appeal, and felt that she knew it, but what could he do?

"Sir," she said, "you yourself are not satisfied with this limited knowledge. You speak of visionary guides; true, they may be; the blind doubt and ignorance of human nature makes them so. But where shall I find anything more reliable? If revealed religion contradicts and condemns itself, how equally so do the systems of philosophy taught by the wisest, the noblest of men and sages, who have lived in all times since those primeval ages when men 'walked with God'!"

"Salome, I will tell you the truth. I am not satisfied; I do not know what I believe—I'm afraid not much of anything." He went on, with a regretful smile; "Your feet are as firm as mine; it took years of an experience, such as you can never have, to bring mine to these slippery places. In the study of my demi-goddess, Nature, I have sounded inexhaustible treasures of delight: they are alike open to you. Come, look at one of them."

Gently he led her to the window. Silently both gazed into the blue-black depths of the summer night. The stars, a million deep, seemed gathering their hosts and making ready to "sing together" in the morning. The breath of the south wind awoke, rustling the dark fringes of acacia trees, and wafting a subtle perfume of indescribable sweetness, fanned the hot cheek of the girl, and lifted the locks from the grave brow of the man. Suddenly a lurid, baleful light hovered over them, as though shaken from the wings of a spirit of evil. Bewildered, they stood a moment; then Salome, pointing upward, uttered a wild cry of terror—the building was on fire!

"Come!" Rosenthal cried; and winding his arms round Salome, he bore her swiftly down the broad stairs; in the hall he released her, but drawing her to him again, a strange light flooded his passionate eyes, and with a faint smile:

"My darling!" he whispered, and pressed his lips just once to her smooth white forehead.

In a moment the alarm spread through the house; servants, half-dressed, rushed shrieking and terror-stricken to the spot where Salome still stood. At last:

"Elisé! Elisé!" she cried, and sprang toward the stairs. A strong arm thrust her back.

"I will save her!"

And Rosenthal bounded up the stairway, into a corridor, where even then the hungry flames roared and lapped their hissing tongues around him.

Salome, white as the dead, kneeled on the wet grass where they had carried her, and the first prayer she had uttered for years parted her dry lips:

"Save him! save him, Almighty God!"

She moaned again and again. The crash of falling walls, the fierce rush and roar of smoke and flames answered her. She knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

TICK! tick! tick! With slow steps Time dragged into Eternity. Ever and anon hoarse mutterings came from the curtained bed, and a pair of swathed hands were tossed wildly upward in the mad pain of delirium.

Blanched and quivering, Salome Brooke's face bent over the restless, fever-streaked one on the pillow, and her hand wandered softly through the damp hair tossed above it. Days and nights of fearful waiting had passed since Rosenthal, seethed and shivered by the flames, had lain there, worn of his strength, the pride of intellect conquered by the fetid hand of fever.

Then his soul bared many things to the knowledge of others, which had sat behind his closed lips for years; the names of persons and places, unknown to those about him, mingled with wild

expressions of love and hate, of memory and remorse; then songs, sweet and deadly as those of the serpent charmer, plunged the hearer in a sea of sensuous delight, calling back dreams of the passion-plumed East, such as Heine's, when he wrote his sweet fanciful poem of the date-palm sighing and wasting for its hotter climed love.

This night Rosenthal's ravings were interrupted by long periods of almost breathless repose. Then the solitary watcher would hold her own breath, and count the weakening pulse-beats, a terrible fear contracting her heart-strings.

"Must he die thus?"

Unconsciously, in her agony, she spoke the words aloud.

"God forbid!" said a calm, strong voice beside her.

Startled, she turned toward it; then, with a sigh of relief:

"Thank God! you are come, Dr. King!" she exclaimed, giving him her place by the bedside.

He bent over Rosenthal. Never was a stronger contrast between two faces than those nearing each other. Rosenthal's pallid, sunken, half-opened, black-rimmed eyes, full of smoldering fire; his dark hair tossed in plumes of sable over the pillow, and the purple mouth muttering vaguely. Dr. King's, red and white, with his Saxon blood in his blue eye, tender as a woman's now, had yet a glint through which looked a healthy, steadfast soul; his yellow hair waved and drooped at will over a noble head; even his voice had in it the strength and repose which spoke from every joint and curve of his giant figure; limbed like a new Hercules, a manly grace, the outward symbol of the inner man, covered the whole with a mantle of gentle dignity.

"He is worse, is he not?" asked Salome.

"He will soon be better than we are, Miss Brocke. Nothing can save him," he added.

Shivering, Salome sank down on her knees.

"Must he die, like that?" she moaned. "Oh! God! Must he die?"

Dr. King looked at her with pitiful eyes; then, as though she were a child, he lifted her into the deep chair, and resting his hand on her bowed head:

"Salome—Miss Brocke!" he said, "listen to me. It is true, Rosenthal, your friend and guardian, will die—but rouse yourself! Where in the fortitude, the Christian faith, that looks beyond a gap of earth and sees the lost, immortal? You believe this; surely you believe this, Miss Brocke."

"No!" she cried, "I do not believe it! I believe nothing—know nothing—save that his body will go down into the grave and the clods of the valley will cover it! Desolation will be written above it!"

Softly the voice from the bed repeated the words.

"For here we have no continuous city, but seek one to come," and then died out in a low whisper of death and weakness.

"And they that seek, shall surely find it!" said King, solemnly.

"Yes!" answered Salome, her tones full of bitterness. "Yes! and when they have found it, they shall read the name engraved over the gates, and it will be—Necropolis—the House of Silence—the City of the Dead!"

"Not so, Salome! Rather, Jerusalem—the Place of Safety—the City of the Great King!"

While he yet spoke, the chamber door opened, and a small figure glided in; it was Elisé, pale, fragile, her blue eyes wide and heavy with anxious grief. Instantly Salome was on her feet, all the weakness gone from her face, as she met the girl and said:

"Elisé! you should not be here, dear. I thought you asleep, long ago."

No, I wanted to come; I want to see Uncle Maurice," she said, going to the bed and gazing into his face with a strange, weird look in her own.

"I think he will die," she spoke at last, looking at the others with cold, unmeaning eyes. "Yes," she went on, "I think he will die soon. I am not sorry, because I shall go with him. I've a great pain here, Salome"—laying her hand on her heart—"a great pain, but it will not last long. I am so young, am I not? But, Uncle Maurice will be young there; so beautiful he is, too. Well, I'll just kiss him, and say, 'Good night!' I'm very tired. Good-by, uncle! Good night, Salome!" she said, slipping past them like a spirit.

"Let her go," whispered King, preventing Salome from touching her. "She is asleep."

"But I must send Mrs. Liscombe to her."

She did so, and that lady found Elisé lying in a deep slumber, pale as a snow-wreath—her hand still pressing her heart. Dr. King prepared a potion.

"Give her this when she wakes," he said; adding, under his breath, "If she ever does wake!"

Silently they watched out the heavy hours of the night. Salome sat with her face buried in her hands, listening to the short, fitful breathing of the dying man, while Dr. King noted every shade that crossed his features, and counted the falling pulse-beats; hours passed in monotonous stillness, broken only by the doctor, when he moistened the shrinking lips of his patient; then his eyes unclosed; at last the gleam of intelligence lighted them; but it was also the gleam of death.

Feebly motioning for King to draw nearer, he whispered words, of which Salome only heard the last; they were:

"Elisé—my daughter—tell her after it is over! I can trust you, King?"—he rested an instant. "Salome!" he called, softly.

Springing toward him, she covered his hand with kisses: and hard, dry sobs, shook her like a tempest.

"Salome—my darling!" he whispered. "Hush, child! You love me, Salome—you love me! And I—oh! God! Do I lose you thus, for ever? Oh!

Eternity! I would give ages of thee for years of Time!"

Again he panted for breath—it was minutes before his whitening lips moved again.

"How is it with you, my friend?" asked King, wetting his mouth with a cordial. A wan, sweet smile, crossed Rosenthal's face.

"Once more I'll quote the books I have loved," he answered, and in a whisper, he continued:

"I am at the goal, at the goal! and feel, where I am, In my whole soul a trembling! so will it be (I speak Humanly of heavenly thing) with us, in presence of Him,

Who died! and arose! at the coming in heaven!

"You believe in Him, King?" he asked; then, without waiting for answer, went on:

"Who dares express Him?
And who confesses Him,
Saying, I do believe?"

He ceased, and King, taking up the quotation, said:

"A man's heart bearing,
What man has the daring
To say: I acknowledge Him not?"

Again Rosenthal's eyes and words wandered; suddenly he drew Salome's face to his. "Acknowledge Him, Salome; try to believe!" he said. "Now, one kiss, one more, my darling—the last—the last! Oh! Death! thou art close!"—he panted for breath.

"Courage, dear Rosenthal! the worst is past," as King's tears dripped on his friend's forehead.

"Yes—yes! I know"—his breathing grew soft again; lying thus, death chisled his face into godlike beauty; once more his eyelids fluttered open—

"God!" he gasped. "Darkness—everlasting silence—they are come!"

And Maurice Rosenthal's soul was—where? Let chaos, and the "everlasting midnight," answer!

Another soul went forth with his. Elisé, his unknown daughter, never woke from the trance into which a heart disease had plunged her.

Above the two graves snows had drifted, and the spring sun had again melted them; all the glory, the huah, the softness of the young season, lay about them like a mantle of peace.

Salome Brocke stood beside the tall marble shaft that marked Rosenthal's sleep, and her tears dripped thick and fast as she read its one single word of inscription—"Silentio." How significant of the man, and of his end!

She was not alone. Philip King's face, grave and handsome, was full of sympathy, and the pitying tenderness such loyal-hearted ones know. After the fever of passion and a mad battle with despair, on the rock of this steadfast soul Salome found rest—as yet weak in faith, blind and stumbling, the billows of doubt and bitterness still sweep over her. But, the storm past, she even nestled closer to that haven of woman's rest, the heart of an upright man.

RECEPTION OF HEAD CENTRE STEPHENS.

THE distinguished Fenian leader arrived in our city last Thursday, and was received by the Brotherhood in the most enthusiastic manner. An immense crowd assembled at the wharf to welcome, or at least get a glimpse of him, and it was with difficulty he could reach his hotel, on account of the throng surrounding the carriage and blocking the streets. He stated that he visited this country by invitation, for the purpose of reconciling the difficulties that have arisen among the order here, and inducing harmony of counsel and unity of action. Late in the evening he was serenaded by the band of the 99th regiment, and made a short address from the balcony of the hotel, amid the most enthusiastic cheers from the crowd below. Our illustration represents this exciting scene. Other demonstrations of respect are to be made at a future day. In the meantime Mr. Stephens will devote himself earnestly to settling the differences that now exist among the Fenian Brotherhood.

OLD STOVE IN THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, VA.

THOSE who recall the insane effort of Pollard, last winter, to convert the Rotunda of the Richmond capitol into a shooting-gallery, will remember that he was cautious enough to postpone the stove between himself and his living target, and that his gyrations around that convenient barricade, were chivalric in the extreme.

We give a correct illustration of that stove on the 14th page, and there is a historic interest connected with it worthy of note. It was designed and cast in London, in 1770, by order of George III., and by him presented to the House of Burgesses of Williamsburg, Va. In 1787 it was conveyed to the State Capitol, at Richmond, and has been in service there ever since. It is eight and a half feet high, and covered with ingenious carvings and Latin inscriptions, some of which are obliterated by the rust of a century. Virginia claimed of old to be a kingdom, and was recognized as such by Charles II. To some Virginians, at least, the title Old Dominion was no mere fancy. This was one great source of the pride of the First Families.

This old stove was cast at a time when these pretensions were ripe. English monarchs then styled themselves Kings of England, Ireland, Scotland and France. On this stove, besides these four quartiers, the royal arms of Virginia were added, with this motto, "En dat Virgini quinton." The old stove has, consequently, the force of a title-deed, which is frequently invoked by Virginia to sustain her royal claims.

WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

THE question, What shall we eat? suggests another equally important, viz.: Where shall we obtain a supply for our larder? A savage would answer this inquiry—by taking his weapons and scouring the forest for what he could convert into a savory stew or an inviting roast. But the denizens of a large city cannot resort to so primitive a mode of catering, and must have regular sources of supply, whether they may repair at all times, to obtain what is necessary for their wants, or crave by their tastes. Hence the origin of markets, with which every city is now provided, and which contribute so largely to the convenience, and we might almost add existence, of townspeople.

The Washington Market dates back to the days of our grandfathers, and was then called the Old Bear Market. The original building can be seen in the centre of our view of the Washington street front, with a cupola surmounting it, and all the surrounding buildings have since been added—squatter fashion—piece by piece. Within the past five years this squatterism has spread until all the docks and piers of the neighborhood are covered with these traders, who style themselves commission dealers, and who stand between the farmer and the public consumer.

These men have gradually established themselves a strong community; they have had laws passed to protect them in their traffic, and the result is that a farmer, after having grown his fruit, or vegetables, is not allowed to come into the market and sell them, but must turn them over to these commission dealers, or hucksters, at such price as they see fit to give. The end of this is, that the public pay just about double for everything in that line that they consume, to what they would if the farmer could come into open market and the public consumer.

These sheds cover some acres of ground, and harbor filth to a degree that is beyond description. In summer, fruit and vegetables lie in decaying heaps, enough to knock a strong man down with their stench, and the police have favorite hunting-ground there for stale meats and ancient fish. The scavenger rats run foot-races in the light of the day over every inch of the foulness, and hold high jubilee at night, making the air resonant with their squeaking jollities and battles.

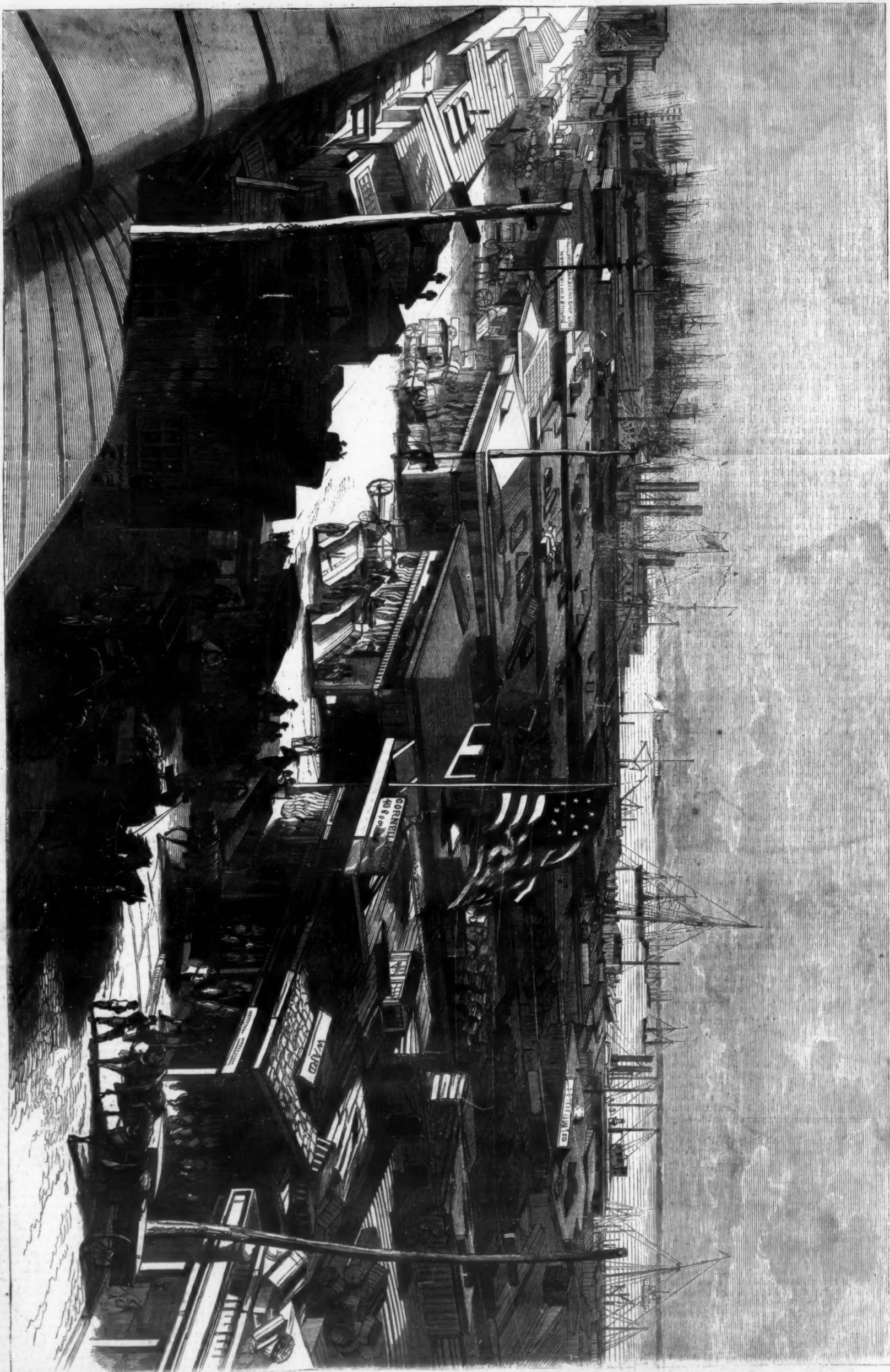
All this the Board of Health has ordered down, and if it never does aught else during its existence, that act alone should endear it to the public heart. This place has been an eye-sore for years, and though a well-supplied market, it has been almost as much as a decent person's health or clothes were worth to venture within its precincts.

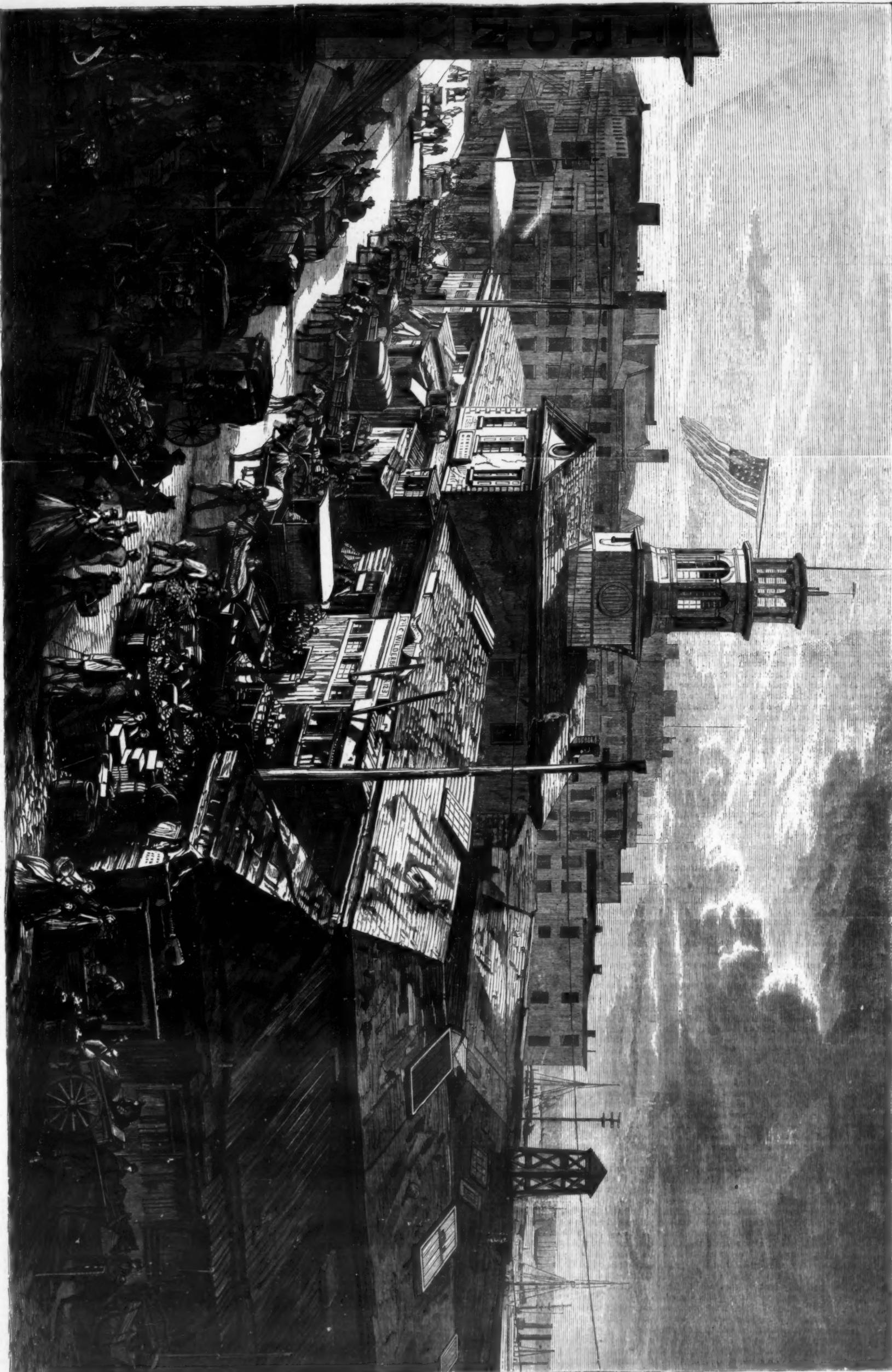
But while thus externally repulsive, this market has much to recommend it to the purveyor, and in its ample store of good things, will compensate him for any personal inconvenience he may endure.

On any morning of our weekly calendar, Washington Market represents a lap of luxury, the gleanings of a bountifully supplied and plenteous land. Here are gorgeous avenues of flesh, all garnished with quarters, and ribs and loins, of the finest beef; in steaks of tender meat, imbedded in layers of golden fat. Interposed are columns of tempting mutton, in just such proportions of fat and lean as please the epicure. Carcasses of veal and the porcine tribe fill up the intervals, with flowers and greens of the forest and garden, all so pure and inviting, that the poor man sighs as he wonders why so much plenty persistently hangs beyond his reach, and the rich man's eyes feed with delight on those inviting vistas of animal food as he contemplates them in connection with the culinary department of his own household. Other avenues are graced with pendant lines of well-dressed turkeys, inviting ducks, plump and succulent chickens, and fowls of every form, and size, and name, with quarters of game, all gracefully arranged and temptingly presented.

Again are offered to the view rich displays of the fancy tribe, the contribution of the waters—fish with scales and without scales, large and small, shell-fish, and the traditional turtle that Aldermen are said to affect. Here, too, are the products of the dairy-rich golden butter, diffusing the very odor of the meadows, and cheese so yellow, and tempting, and delicious, that an

WEST WASHINGTON MARKET—WHOLESALE MEAT AND PROVISION DEALERS' STANDS, EXTENDING FROM BANCILAY TO FULTON STREETS.—From a Photograph by Gray & Co., New York City.—See Page 101.





WASHINGTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE WASHINGTON STREET FRONT, FROM VESSEY TO FULTON STREETS.

FACES IN THE GLOOM.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

I often in the twilight sit
Beside my silent fire,
And muse upon the sacred dead—
Our sister, son and sire.
Until methinks I see them peer
From out the dusky gloom,
Although I know their bodies rest
Far off within the tomb.

And slowly rising from the past
Scenes of a by-gone day,
Float mistily before my soul,
And gently fade away.
Then rousing from my reverie,
Tears full of anguish start,
As the hoarded weight of memory,
Falls down upon my heart.

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.—MR. CLEMENT CARR HAS A BAD NIGHT.

THE chamber in which Clement had been placed was large and warm, but he shivered like an aspen.

It was not the daytime now, nor was 11 P.M. an hour for jesting. At 11 o'clock A.M. he had replied, as we know, to Cator, speaking about the very apartment he was now occupying: "Who kairah for the ghost? I shall sleep in the besh room." To what a different frame of mind had twelve hours brought him!

Besides the triple door by which he had entered, there were two other doors, and when he opened these, he exchanged one of the candles for a poker: the first led into an ante-room as large as any ordinary bedroom, but totally unfurnished, save for some things which looked uncommonly like coffin trestles, but which were doubtless the raw material of truckle-beds, to be used by the attendants of the great man who reposed in the Blue Chamber; other doors led from this room, he knew not whither, but he cut off all communication with it by lock and bolt. The second door opened upon a very small room, almost a recess, the purpose of which he could not guess; if it was for the accommodation of a page, it must have been a very duodecimo one that slept there. It would have served rather as a wardrobe for cloaks and hats, only there were no pegs; the shining floor was uncarpeted, and in the centre was a square, looking suspiciously like a trap-door. Doubtless the persons who had murdered Sir Thomas had come up that way, while his servants guarded the ante-room in vain. Again Mr. Clement Carr plied lock and bolt; and having in the same manner made his triple door secure, felt even then no safer than Robinson Crusoe with his ladder drawn up, upon the day when he first saw the footprint on the sand.

How was it possible he should be comfortable with that round hole staring at him through the ceiling? Moreover, the fire was dying out, and there was no fresh fuel. Mr. Clement looked at the four candles, wishing them four-and-twenty, and proceeded to put two of them out, for it was necessary to husband his resources, lest the night should be rendered still more hideous by darkness. Mr. Clement Carr then pursued his nightly toilet with not a few uncomfortable looking-back over his shoulder; and having wrapped his dressing-gown around him, took a chair by the enormous fireplace, and proceeded to warm his stocking feet at the fast-waning embers, before he got into bed.

This is a position in which nobody has ever yet indulged without falling into what is called a "brown study." As the wood-fire glows and pales, as the sparks come forth and vanish, so the memories of the Past, now distinct, now dim, follow one another without our guidance, or schemes for the Future shape themselves as the clouds before the wind. There are none of us but have a history, more deeply interesting to ourselves than all the scrolls of Fame, and we love to linger over the pictures it presents, "rolling the sweet morsel under the tongue"—even when we are well aware that it would have been better for us had some of them remained unpainted. It would have been well for Clement Carr had the long canvas of his past been white and recordless as the minds of those poor wretches whom it was his calling to tend, so ugly were the scenes displayed well-nigh from first to last as it unrolled, and yet it gave him pleasure to review them—although not all. He remembered with gloomy satisfaction the circumstances under which their first patient had been confined to their care, and how the hush-money got to be larger every year—only a little less than blood-money, and almost as ill-earned; and how, having thus discovered a short way to wealth, they had stuck to it, Gideon and he, though the road was dark and foul, and in places perilous; very dangerous, indeed, when Gilbert Lee, whose mad idea that he was sane had been so shared in by Mildred's mother, that she plotted his escape from the Dene, and afterward married him. Perhaps, after all, that marriage saved the Carr system from unpleasant publicity; but how he hated his dead sister, and her dead husband, and the living offspring of the two, who had treated him so superciliously that very evening! She should smart for that yet, if opportunity occurred, which it generally does, when we have our revenge to gratify. Then, on the other hand, what a match had Grace made! He loved her, it is true, no better than her elder sister, but he couldn't help being proud of her. How well contrived must have been all those pretended attentions to mad Cyril, disguised in reality at Ralph himself, to have so bewitched the Clifford, even at

a spot so hateful to him by association as the Dene. How many women in other days, as beautiful as she and better born, had ruled at Cliffe by a far different title.

There was the "fair lady," for instance, for whose sake Bertram slew his brother. Cator had pointed out to him that day where oak had been laid on the great staircase to hide the blood-stained spot where Gervaise Clifford fell; and yet, enchantress as she was, she had been the wife of neither. It was she who was said to "walk," combing her long tresses as she went, when any great calamity threatened the family; and it had been even whispered that the master of Cliffe had been, but a few night's back, forewarned by her appearance of his brother Cyril's death.

Here an incident occurred which put a stop to Mr. Clement Carr's "brown study," and made him very wide awake indeed to the fact that he was in the Blue Chamber at Cliffe Hall. It was simply a sigh, it was true, but a sigh of the profound sort, such as is produced only by the most heartfelt sorrow, or the most complicated troubles of the digestion—a sigh that filled the room with its melancholy monotone, and was uttered, as it seemed, by some invisible being close beside him, who might have been warming his legs by the self-same decaying fire, preparatory to retiring to the self-same bed. So certain was Mr. Clement Carr of the proximity of the sound, that he did not even cast a glance up at the hole in the ceiling, from whence it might naturally have been expected to proceed, but sat glued to his chair, with his hair on end, carrying, *nem. con.*, in his own mind, all sorts of resolutions for living a spotless life for the remainder of his days. He had no more reason to doubt of this thing having occurred (as, indeed, it had occurred) than that he was sitting by the mere remnants of a wood-fire, and that the oak floor had no carpet, and would presently grow cold to his feet; yet such is the marvelous elasticity of the human mind, that when the sound was not repeated, the idea began to grow within him, that, after all, it might only have been a creation of his fancy, or that perhaps it had been his own sigh that he had heard. People often sighed without knowing it; nothing was more—

With one agile spring, which must have taxed every muscle of his ponderous body, Mr. Clement Carr here bounded into bed; for the sigh had again broken forth, and this time most certainly not from his own fluttering heart, although almost as near. After an hour or so of a frightful state of anticipation, he ventured to relieve his stiffened limbs by lying down; then, still listening, and with the engine still beating within, but with fainter strokes, drowsiness fell upon him, and presently blessed sleep, that falls, like the rain of heaven, even upon the most unjust, and holds them, while it lasts, as innocent as the best of us.

When he awoke, which he did suddenly, and to the consciousness of all the horrors of his situation, the room was no longer illuminated by artificial light, but dimly by the moon. The fire had, of course, gone out, but the two candles which had been left burning on the mantel-piece, although no longer lit, had certainly not burned out, for there they stood as high, it seemed, as when he had last seen them. While he wondered much at this phenomenon, Mr. Clement's attention was called to the dressing-table by a third sigh, quite equal to its predecessors in depth of feeling. Before the glass sat a female form, in a loose black robe, engaged upon some article of needle-work. Her features could scarcely be discerned, but her figure was youthful, and her auburn hair flowed over her shoulders like a river of gold. Well might she sigh, considering the task she was engaged upon. An enormous piece of linen lay upon her lap, its whiteness contrasting forcibly with her black dress; the moonbeams exhibited this but a few moments ere thick darkness closed the scene; yet even in that scanty time Clement Carr knew that he had seen the Phantom of Cliffe—the Fair Lady sewing a shroud. To be alone with this spectre, without light, without knowing how near she might be to him, and yet to know that she was there, he felt to be absolutely intolerable, and the wretched man gathered himself up with the courage of despair for a rush at the triple door; but just as he was in the act to spring, the whole floor of the room seemed, with one weighty crash, to give way together, and, shrinking from the unknown abyss, Clement Carr fell back upon his pillow, and fainted from sheer extremity of terror.

When Mr. Clement Carr "came to himself," he came to himself alone; it was broad daylight, too, and cheerful sounds of life, such as the champing of horses and the clanking of milk-pails, came up from some region beneath. But the shock had been too severe for the effects of it to be removed from Clement's system by any ordinary means. All he saw only reminded him of what he had suffered. There were the gray embers of the wood-fire, beside which he had shuddered at the mysterious sigh; the empty chair on which the Fair Lady had sat beside the toilet-table, engaged in her ghastly occupation; the polished floor, apparently as safe and solid as ice after three weeks' frost, but which he scarcely dared to set his feet upon, after the proof he had so lately experienced of its instability. All the doors were locked just as he had left them, with their keys inside, and yet he had seen what he had seen.

Shaving was a difficult matter with Mr. Carr that morning, and a very woe-begone countenance he presented to the looking-glass. I do not say that his hair had turned gray in that single night—although I have known such an occurrence to happen in the case of a gentleman who unexpectedly left off wearing a wig—but he unquestionably looked like one who had passed a very bad night indeed. Mr. Carr concealed his features from the servant who called him that morning by means of a pocket-handkerchief, but he could not be making a pretense of blowing his nose the whole day long. Thus happening, upon his way in search of Cator, with orders to prepare for their immediate departure from that accursed roof, to meet Mr. Ray-

mond Clifford at the library door, that gentleman, after a stiff greeting, could not but remark:

"I fear, sir, you have slept but ill."

"Ill is no word for it, Mr. Raymond; I've—But, perhaps, it is not agreeable to the family to talk about such things."

"Come in here, Mr. Carr," said the young man, ushering him into the common home of arms and literature. "Now, sit you there, and tell me what has disturbed you."

He pointed to a high-backed chair, carved thick with hounds and hunters, in which poor Clement looked like the sham Governor of Barataria; while he himself, toying with an antique goblet of very curious workmanship, stood leaning against a mighty tome of black-letter—such as Don Quixote would have loved—and listened.

Not one word did Raymond utter throughout the other's somewhat long and rambling narrative; but when he had quite finished, he quietly observed:

"'Tis a strange story, Mr. Carr, and more than strange, if true."

"True, sir?"

"Nay, I mean no offense; you may lie, and yet not know it. You took claret enough last night to raise a dozen ghosts."

"Mr. Raymond Clifford," returned Clement, with that unmistakably earnest air with which a man who is not a habitual truth-teller narrates a genuine fact. "I saw the Fair Lady of your house last night, and no other, as surely as that is a drinking-cup which you are holding in your hand, and nothing else."

"As surely," replied Raymond, smiling, "but not more so. Mark, now, how the eye may be deceived. This is indeed a goblet, in a sense; but see, I till it ever so little, and this trigger lets loose a pistol-ball, which smites the drinker dead. This is the stirrup-cup of the good old times, in which not to pledge one's host at parting was to offend him grievously. And yet, in truth, it is a mere show of wickedness. There is no precision in a thing like this. If the bullet sped at all, I wager it would fly astily. But the common mind delights to think it deadly; and because we have possession of such weapons, and because the house is old, and crimes and vice have played their parts in it, as needs must be in any house so old, hence come these vulgar tales of apparitions, noises—things you think you see or hear."

"I saw them and I heard them," answered Clement, obstinately; "there was no 'think' about it."

"Then let there be no talking about it, either, sir," said Raymond, sternly. "We have had too much of such fooling. If it be your pleasure to leave Cliffe Hall so soon—"

"This very morning," quoth Clement, resolutely.

"Then let me beg of you, in courtesy, not to repeat—at least not within these walls—what you have just told to me. I will do what I can to fathom the mystery, and be sure, if I discover anything, that you shall know it."

Clement gave the required promise with some show of frankness, and left the room, observing that he had business with his servant, and must needs go in person, for that he wished to see how his horse fared, which had shown signs of suffering from his recent journey.

"A liar to the backbone," muttered Raymond Clifford, "and I, a fool, to appeal to the honor of such a rogue! And yet he seemed to speak the truth a while ago—ah, Mildred, dearest!"

They were very like, those two—as like as youth and girl could be! The one swarthy as Night, with lustrous, starlike eyes; the other as the mellow eve, what time the nightingale begins his melody, and the glow-worm trims her lamp to light her love.

"Hush!" said she, closing the door behind her softly, and laying her finger on her lips; "in this room, Raymond, never speak so loud. Nay, no room is safe—nowhere but Ribble."

"Let us go to Ribble, then."

"Not now. I dare not do it. I sought you here to warn you—I wish I could say aid you—my own Raymond."

She lingered on her words as the lark lingers over her own sweet song, and gazed upon him, and then drooped her eyelids, like one who, looking at the sun, is blinded with excessive light, yet longs to look again.

"What is it, Mildred, dear? More schemes, more stratagems? Why, this good woman, your aunt, is busier than a spider."

"Ay, and as fell, as ruthless. When she works me harm, I fear her—ah, how I fear her!—but now that she is plotting against you, Raymond, I seem to fear her no more—I hate her. She has poisoned your poor father's mind against you."

"She did that long ago, Mildred," sighed the young man.

"Ay, but not to the bitter end, as now. She aims at nothing less than to get you expelled from this roof, that she may reign here the more supreme. She swung her first mesh across but yesterday—she told me so herself—and day by day her net will grow, I know; and Raymond—I—she—"

Mildred paused, and as the glory of the fruit of Tangiers shows through its scented rind, so did her blushes rise.

"She is not going to send you away, Mildred?" interposed her lover, anxiously. "If so, I shall believe, indeed, that the Fair Lady prognosticates misfortune?"

"What mean you? Have you seen her?"

"Nay, not I, I faith; but this man Carr, your uncle—God save the mark!—has seen, or so he says, the Warning but last night in the Blue Chamber. All the doors were locked, and yet a lady with long auburn hair, and in a black dressing-gown, intrudes herself, and practices plain needle-work. This he will carry to his sister, she to my father, and we know with dire effect. He will deem it bodes another death."

"In a black dressing-gown," mused Mildred Leigh; "with auburn hair; and in the state-room, too. Did Mr. Carr say anything had happened to the floor?"

"Ay, the fool swore that all the floor fell in."

"Dear Raymond," said the young girl, earnestly. "I see some sunlight where I looked not for it: you are not yet turned out of your own home. If I am not mistaken, Aunt Grace is playing a very dangerous game. I will watch her narrowly, and, if she has no mercy for thee, so help me heaven, I will show none to her. She gave me thee, it is true, a priceless gift, but never meant to give; and now—"

"Now what, dear Mildred? What is it that threatens you, and therefore me? And how can anything that happened in the Blue Chamber help us?"

"It is a long story, Ray, and 'tis neither the time nor the place to tell it. There is darkest plotting, and we must counterplot. At three o'clock, meet me at the mouth of Ribble Cave—then—"

"I hear the cat," exclaimed Raymond, softly.

"Puss, puss, puss!"

The door opened; Mrs. Clifford entered, and darting a suspicious glance from one to the other, observed, coldly: "Mildred, the breakfast waits; go make the tea, child." The young girl left the room.

"Mr. Raymond Clifford, I am directed by your father—"

"Nay, madam," interrupted he, with mock politeness; "my father has been directed by you."

"Has been directed by me, then, if you will have it so," continued his step-mother, carelessly.

"To request, if your sporting engagements will permit of it, that you will partake his evening-meal with him."

"My father is very kind," said Raymond, frankly; he had not had such an invitation for many months, and he was greatly pleased.

"Very kind," repeated Mrs. Clifford, icily. "I hope you will prove yourself deserving of his kindness."

"We shall be alone, I conclude, Mrs. Clifford?" inquired Raymond, his suspicions roused by the sarcastic tones of his step-mother.

"Oh, quite alone, sir; and I thank you for the implied compliment. No envious eye will witness your interesting interview; no alien ear will overhear your generous confidences."

"Then we shall meet in some room which has no key-hole," remarked Raymond, scornfully, and with his hand upon the door. "If you have no other commands, madam, I will rid you of my presence."

In silence they interchanged one look of mutual defiance, the man's eye flashing contempt, the woman's, hatred, and then the oak closed between them.

"I listen, do I?" muttered the woman to herself. "You have found out so much, have you? He calls me cat, and that to Mildred, too. Why were they here together at all? She dare not love him—no, she dare not, for her life! She knows that I would kill her if she did. And yet they were making tryst. 'At the mouth of Ribble Cave, at three.' The cat caught that at least."

CHAPTER VII.—RUPERT'S WOOING.

WHEN Mildred reached the chamber where Mrs. Clifford and herself were accustomed to take their morning meal together, she found Rupert awaiting her. It was strange enough to see him there, for, to her knowledge, he had not set foot within that room three times since she had been at Cliffe; but it was worse than strange, since her aunt must needs have sent her thither to meet him. How different he looked from his brother, whom she had just left; the one bright, strong and joyous, the other sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought. And yet he was fair to look upon; his wealth of light-brown hair crowned a noble forehead; his well-cut features showed his gentle birth; while the deep-sunk eyes he fixed upon her with melancholy longing were very soft and kind.

"Mildred," said he, frankly, "your aunt has bid me hither for a purpose which it will not be hard for you to guess, remembering what has already passed between us. For my part, I would fain have deferred to press a suit which has so lately met with coldness, if not rejection; but she says I do not know the way to a maiden's heart. My wooing, mayhap, has been unapt and clumsy?"

"Nay, Rupert; you have been courteous and gentle in your love, as in all else. Never was homage from a noble heart more nobly proffered. No girl could hope to have a wooer more—"

"Words, words, words!" sighed Rupert, wearily, "all ending in a 'but,' as at the bottom of the sparkling bowl the poison lurks. I thought—but if was she who bade me think—that this time something else than pity, Mildred—"

"Pity, Rupert?"

"Ay, for you must pity me, since I think you do not hate me, and, alas! you do not give back love for love. You see me—what I am: a youth, yet very sad; one rich in this world's goods, yet poor beyond the poorest, since you refuse to share them. And yet you see not half what it is in your power to confer. Look you. If a man like me besought your hand in marriage, and you loved him not, yet if, besides, he lay in peril of his life, and could only by your wedding him be saved—would you wed him, then, for pity's sake, if not for love's, hoping that love would come?"

he paused a moment, then resumed, reflectively : "How slowly the waters creep, as though they loved to linger about this ancient place, and were loth to leave it for the hurrying river; and yet, see, they are as dark as death, and the bottom is choked with trailing weed. So has it been with the Cliffords themselves, Mildred. We have kept ourselves so long from the great tide of life, that we have grown stagnant, and—and—what is stagnant is unhealthy. Where there is nothing to hasten the pulse, to stir the blood, the mind itself will sooner or later grow—he was looking at her, she felt, so fixedly, that she dared not raise her eyes to meet his gaze—"will grow—lethargic."

"You are not lethargic, Rupert."

"Not yet," said he; "I trust not yet."

There was a pathos in his low, earnest tone that might have almost moved a slighted woman; no wonder, then, that it pierced Mildred's heart.

"Dear Rue," she murmured, "it is not well to speak of such things as these."

"But how much worse," sighed he, "to think of them and not to speak. Oh, do not think that I am hoodwinked, Mildred, by aught that men can say or leave unsaid about poor me. I know the falseness of their assuring speech, as I know the reason of their silence—their 'Hush! Rupert is coming; not one word about the curse!'"

"Rue, Rue, dear Rue," sobbed Mildred tenderly, "this is the very thing you should not do, the very talk—"

"Nay, Mildred, hear me out. Oh, do not—do not join them in that cuckoo-note. Oh, do not thou turn against me, my own hope."

"Against you, Rupert? I—I?" When there is not a groom in Clife that does not love you."

"Ay, but not as I would have thee love. And if thou turnst not to me, Mildred, thou wilt work more against me than if all the world besides had sworn my ruin. Oh, how to tell thee—how to let thee know what hangs upon thy answer, and yet not fright thee, Mildred! Nay, tremble not, sweetest; thou hast naught to fear, whether thy 'yes' shall bathe my life in sunshine, or thy 'no' provoke the threatening moon to swift eclipse!"

His tones were earnest, but not wild; and though far from mechanically, he spoke as one who has well conned beforehand the substance of what he has to say.

"You are very young," said Mildred, after a little, "and yet have lived your life here amid the moldering past, afar from all things that befit the young. Your childhood, soon deprived of a mother's care—like mine, Rupert—has been passed among menials, who, flattering themselves they were pleasing you, pleased their own vulgar natures by feeding an imagination, hungry as flame, with stories of your ancient home—exaggerated, false and monstrous histories, but which, since they were about the Cliffords, seemed in some sort real. They sowed an evil seed in a soil fertile enough in fancies of its own, but rich and ready to the hand of the true husbandman, had such there been. How soon would yonder well-trimmed garden, left to itself, become mere wilderness, and how much sooner if you planted it with docks and darnells?"

"Go on, sweet Mildred; these are Raymond's words, but in thy mouth how welcome—welcome as the dawn—welcome as the soft-falling summer rain upon the aching head and stretched-out hands."

"Raymond is wise, Rupert, although he has little book-learning."

"I know it, girl, yet he cannot comfort me as thou canst. The uneasy pillow of the sick man cannot be smoothed save by one loving hand; and royal Edward's wound, be sure, would not have healed so swiftly had any lips sucked forth the poison save those of his true wife." Then pausing for a moment, he added, in an earnest whisper: "There is poison in my blood, Mildred, and you must be my Eleanor."

"Nay, Rupert, there is no poison in your blood, but as you said yourself, it flows too sluggishly; you need employment, action—you should leave home a while."

"What?" he broke forth, "without *thee*? Never—no, never, Mildred! Be mine, and I will go with thee whither thou wilt, and do thy bidding, whatsoever it be. But I will never leave thee, be sure of that, my girl; thou shalt escape me never no, not in death itself; for if thou diest, then will I die too, and climb up after thee to highest heaven, though it were from the abyss of hell. Then surely, being a blessed spirit crowned and palmed, thou wouldest reach out a saintly hand to lift me into bliss, and save my soul; and therefore, now, being an earthly angel, wilt thou not give me that same hand, and save—oh, save my Reason?"

The dews of terror stood upon Mildred's brow, for wild and vehement as was Rupert's speech, his eyes spoke things more terrible. All of a sudden she knew that that which she had been combating for his sake as a mere shadow, was a substantial evil which had already fallen upon him. Poor Rupert had all along been right—she was talking to a madman! And yet she pitied him far more than feared him even now. The passionate yearning of his last appeal melted her heart within her.

"The case I put in yonder room," he continued, "was my own—for is not madness Death?—and hence my soul was glad as yonder bird's what time thou saidst: 'I would do my very best to save him.' Come, Mildred, say thou wilt once more."

The feathered thief, in view of the fruit upon the terrace-wall, was caroling his blithest; note on note he poured forth his melodious joy a while, then bringing his last harmonies together, like a hasty grace, he flew down to the ripening pears. Then, in the songless silence, Mildred answered Rupert:

"So help me Heaven, I will do my very best to save thee."

She spoke not without thought—for while a blackbird sings in time enough to serve a nimble man—and while she spoke she watched him narrowly.

"My life, my love, my all!" murmured he, in a hushed rapture.

"But, Rupert—"

"Nay," he interrupted; "mar not the music of your last rich words, I guess what you would say, and therefore there is no need to speak. You do not love me yet—I know it, but in time 'tis possible—There, there, I give you time—I can keep my soul in patience, being sure of you; hopeful that the bud of Pity may flower into something sweeter, and being sure that when it does so bloom, it blows for me—for me."

Across his voice, faint and aswoon with love, came Mr. Clifford's clear and peremptory tones from the balcony outside her breakfast-room :

"Mildred, the breakfast waits, dear child. Good Rupert, put her ashore."

The young man obeyed at once, and as he took Mildred's fingers in his own to hand her to the bank, gave them a significant squeeze. Far from returning this, she bowed to him haughtily, and walked hastily away.

"Ungenerous," murmured she to herself, almost

in tears, "and unlike a gentleman! I could not have believed it of a Clifford. Not mad, indeed—but cunning as the maddest. Had love been mine to give, I verily believe he would have won me. False and unfair! Does he suppose I took his dropped kerchief for a water-lily, or that I was blind to her answering signal. And did she ever speak to us like that before—'dear Mildred,' and 'good Rupert'? My loving aunt must take me for a fool indeed."

A Bad Case of Buttons—and its Cure.

"ANOTHER button off, Carrie! This is a little too much; yesterday morning the same thing happened; and now I am all dressed, ready for my collar; it's outrageous!"

Mrs. Appleton sat dressing her baby, a little puny, fretful girl of about six months, and looked up at her husband despairingly, as she realized the awful state of the case; for a missing button, or a soiled napkin, were much more flagrant offenses in James Appleton's eyes than any amount of wifely dereliction in other respects.

"You have other shirts in your drawer?" Mrs. Appleton ventured to remark, meekly.

"What if I have? Isn't this one in? and I'm in a hurry; and you know that deuced well."

"Stoop down, James, and I will sew it on. It won't take but a moment."

"No, I suppose not. If that's the case, why hadn't you spent a moment securing it, before you put it away?" and he seized a darning-needle, and made frantic pushes at the little pearl button, which, after one or two attacks, was split quite in two.

Mrs. Appleton laid the screaming infant on the bed, and without a word fastened on another tiny mischief-maker. She was a pretty woman, and a glance at her face would satisfy a physiognomist that she was not deficient in spirit, albeit she detested quarrels and fault-finding. They had been married only two years, and Carrie was not quite twenty-one. Her husband was thirty, considered fine-looking, an excellent business-man, and a perfect terror to delinquent clerks and careless book-keepers. He exercised the same espionage at home, and criticised Carrie's domestic arrangements unspareingly. To tell the truth, she did not understand very much about the details of housekeeping; her mother had never learned her; but she loved her husband deeply, and for love's sake tried in every possible way to please him. Since the birth of the baby, she had rarely suffered, for the cares of maternity occupied the greater part of her time, and the child was so feeble that it was but seldom she dared trust it to the nurse.

Mr. Appleton finished his toilet in silence; and as he was leaving the room, remarked:

"What shall I send home for dinner?"

"We have sufficient, I think, for to-day. There is plenty of cold turkey—and oysters."

"Yes, but I intend bringing Mr. Lee home to dine with me, and I should like to have something very decent."

"Anything you please, then," replied his wife; "but, I wish you would invite company any day but Monday. Cook is always so cross; and neither nurse nor I can get near the range on Mondays."

"Well, then, get another cook, if she's got to be mistress," and off he went, never stopping to kiss or caress his wife, who looked up at him beseechingly, as he slammed the door.

Generally, if everything had pleased him at breakfast, and there had been no sine of omission or commission, on those occasions he would appear very loving, and gladden his wife's heart by a few words of commendation and a parting kiss; but this morning there had been a button off, and Carrie knew too well that her punishment would be heart-starvation, until she had redeemed herself by some extraordinary culinary preparation, which would tickle her master's palate and cause him to forget, for a brief period, past offenses. Don't any one dare look at the above picture and say it is overdrawn. I could point you to hundreds of such cases, where women, for the sake of a morsel of love and sympathy, will transform themselves into slaves, and in some cases never recognize the bondage, to minister to a husband's physical wants—while he, with niggardly hand, pushes her a few soul-crumps when he feels disposed.

Carrie had a trying time that day. Baby never was so fretful; and cook never so ugly. Mr. Appleton sent home chickens—and beef to roast and salad—and celery—and a little note asking that Carrie would please have a plum pudding made, and pie—and not furnish dessert from the baker or restaurant. Carrie sent for a woman to come in and wash, so that cook could give her attention to the dinner. She stoned raisins—picked over currants—made blancmange, and so forth—and it was after five o'clock before she dared leave the kitchen and dress for dinner. She was quite sure her husband would find no fault with anything, and, fatigued as she was, she nevertheless made a very elaborate toilet, and descended to the parlor to wait for Mr. Appleton and his friend. She wore her husband's favorite dress—a rich garnet silk; her luxuriant light-brown hair was brushed plainly back from the ears, and wound in a natural coil at the back of her finely-shaped head. Her complexion was delicate; her eyes, a fine expressive gray; form rather petite, but in symmetrical proportion faultless.

She heard her husband's step, and fancied he was alone, but was not quite sure, until he entered the parlor.

"But, James, where is Mr. Lee?"

"I don't know; I waited for him until an hour past the time, then came without him: detained by business, I suppose. How finely you are looking, Carrie, my darling. Now, why can't you fix yourself up every night like this? It is so refreshing, after a poor man has worked like a dog all day, to come home and find his wife so radiantly beautiful. Come here, pet."

But just then the dinner-bell rang, and Mr. Appleton's heart leaped into his stomach, and the caress was forgotten. He enjoyed his dinner as only an epicure can. Carrie was too fatigued and disappointed to eat, for she well knew that the whole tedious performance would perhaps have to be gone over again in a day or two. Every article was pronounced excellent.

"You are improving very fast, Carrie. I shall not be afraid to invite company home with me often after this. Mother couldn't have had things more to my taste—though I think, Carrie, she does put a trifling more seasoning in the salad."

"Mother" had always been held up to her as a paragon of everything excellent in disposition, housekeeping, management of servants, and so forth—in fact, according to her son's account, she had not one vulnerable point; and it was with a sinking heart she listened to a letter announcing her arrival the next morning. Carrie knew that her husband had invited his mother to spend the

winter with them, but very much hoped she would decline.

"You don't appear pleased, Carrie?"

"Do I not?" said she, trying to force a smile. "I never have seen your mother, James; and it is but natural that I should feel a little timidity in regard to her first visit. You consider me such a poor housekeeper, in comparison with her, that I scarcely know whether she will make all necessary allowances for my youth and inexperience."

"Oh, pshaw! If you always do as well as this, you needn't be afraid of any one's criticisms."

"But I cannot always, James. This whole day have I given up, body and soul, to the preparation of this elaborate dinner; and it would be an utter impossibility to do so, only semi-occasionally. The baby takes up most of my time night and day, and the poor little thing has been sadly neglected to-day."

"What in the world did our grandmothers do with a dozen children, and no servants?"

"Then, style was nothing, James; and children wore stuff dresses and calico aprons. Husbands, then, didn't bring home company to dinner, and expect a hotel bill of fare."

Carrie was tired out; and the total absence of the right kind of sympathy made her feel like indulging in a good hearty cry; but she restrained herself, and after another sleepless night with baby, arose to superintend breakfast, that all might be unexceptionable when her husband returned from the steamer with his mother.

Carrie looked very lovely that beautiful winter morning, but she was pale and sad, and there was a strange quiver of the lip as she watched the carriage stop, and her husband tenderly assist a matronly-looking woman to alight.

"Oh, if she would only love me!" moaned Carrie. "If we could only take some comfort together! I begin to think my life is a mistake."

She forced a pleasant smile, and advanced to meet her mother-in-law; but was in no way prepared for the tender, motherly greeting she received.

"Why, James, you did not tell me your wife was sick?"

"She's not sick," laughed James. "You are not accustomed to delicate complexions like Carrie's."

"I am only a little tired, mother," replied Carrie, feeling quite sure she might use that sweet word in the language with perfect propriety.

"Do you nurse your baby, dear?"

"Oh, yes; it is a little, feeble thing, and is dreadfully troublesome—especially nights."

"I suppose, James, you take your turn cheerfully in getting up and waiting upon her?"

"Why, no; I never wake up nights at all. Carrie has never called me but once since baby was born, and then it had a convulsion, and she was frightened most into spasms herself."

"I should not suppose a true husband and father would wait to be called," said his mother, almost sternly. "It is just as much your business, James, to relieve your wife in her exhausting duties, as it is hers to see that your wardrobe is in order and your meals well prepared."

Carrie's spirits rose at once; and when at breakfast Mrs. Appleton praised the coffee, and the rolls, and the broiled steak, the tears filled her eyes, for she saw that this woman of long married experience would show her where her duty commenced and where it ended, for she had got sadly befogged.

Jones went to business, and Carrie took her mother-in-law on an exploring expedition all over the house; and as they seated themselves in Carrie's room—baby asleep in Mrs. Appleton, senior's arms—the latter remarked:

"Now, Carrie, I know when was your age the idea of my mother-in-law visiting me was perfectly killing, and I was quite sure that you felt the same in regard to me. But you need not. While I remain here, I desire to be of all the service to you I can. You are sadly in need of rest; and if you continue in this style, your health will be permanently injured. You must be governed by me a little, and I will relieve you in your household superintendence and mending, so that you may give yourself a few necessary hours for sleep, out-door exercise and reading—neither of which a woman should wholly neglect—if she desires to retain her health and beauty."

Carrie improved under the sunny influence; and grandma understood so well what babies needed, that the delicate little plant began to thrive and grow, very much to Carrie's delight. James seemed to be on his good behavior, too, until one unlucky morning he pulled a button off, taking a piece of the band with it.

Mrs. Appleton, senior, was in the room adjoining her son's, and when he commenced to storm so violently, she stepped to the door to see what was the cause of such an outburst. She heard him say:

"You are lazier, lazier now since mother came, than you were before, and that is entirely unnecessary. You had better spend a little more time attending to your husband's shirts, and less in the street!"

In his fury and haste to remove the offending article, he tore it about half off him, and surveyed the ruin with evident satisfaction.

"I never tried that before, but I give you fair warning, that, if I ever find another button off, I'll tear the shirt into pieces—that's the way Skinner says he always does."

"Is it possible that my son has such an ungovernable temper and is so unjust to his wife? I can account now for her pale face and sad expression."

"You need not wait dinner for me, as I dine with Fred Cary and his wife, and go to Wallack's with them this evening," said her amiable spouse as he left the room. Several times recently had he done the same thing, leaving Carrie at home, never seeming to think that her pleasures were few, and that she might enjoy mingling with the outside world a little. His mother was deeply incensed, and now, said he:

"Carrie, if you don't cure him of this fault-finding and roving, you are not the woman I take you for. Can't you get some friend, or relative, to take you to the theatre this evening?"

"Oh, no!" said Carrie. "I never would lower myself so in my own estimation, to say nothing of my husband's."

"Don't be foolish, Carrie. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

In the course of the day Carrie's uncle called, a returned Californian, one whom her husband had never seen. He was a man about forty years of age; extremely handsome, and unexceptionable in dress and manners. To him Carrie confided her little plot. He entered into it with a good deal of feeling—for his niece had always been very dear to him.

Carrie arrayed herself in her most elegant style, and it was with no little pride that Uncle Frank escorted her to a conspicuous seat in the dress circle. Carrie looked around, and lo! directly opposite sat Fred Cary, his wife and sister, and her recreant lord, playing the agreeable to the

young lady after the most approved style, and no one would ever have supposed, from his present cavalier manner, that he ever swore about his shirt buttons.

"How much that lady, just over there, in the first tier, resembles your wife, Mr. Appleton?" said Mrs. Cary, passing him her opera-glass.

"She does indeed!" and he secretly believed it was Carrie, but could hardly credit the evidence of his own senses. He was acquainted with all his wife's friends, and who could her escort be? Surely he must be mistaken; and yet that was her hat, with its delicate face trimmings, and velvet cloak, and the new set of crinines



THE LATE WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, OF PENOSECOAT, MAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. E. COLLINS, OF BUCKSPORT, MAINE.

WILLIAM HUTCHINGS.

THE heroes of our Revolutionary struggle, which gave us a country to fight for again, and a Union to preserve, may be overshadowed by the splendid achievements of our late conflict, but they will not be forgotten, though they may have fallen into comparative obscurity.

On the 3d inst., William Hutchings, who was one of the four still on the official pension roll, died in Penobscot, Maine, at the great age of 102 years. He was born in Maine, when it was a colony of Massachusetts, in 1764, and at the age of 12 took part in the battle of Lexington, as drummer boy. He continued in the service of his country during the war, and then retired to his

former home. A year or two since he was made the recipient of a bounty of \$300, in addition to his pension. His funeral was attended with special honors, on the Monday following his death.

Our engraving is made from a photograph, and is a good likeness.

No token of respect to these veterans can be too marked, and as links uniting us to a past generation, while they live we will delight to honor them, and when they die, we will embalm their memory.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIG. 1. Promenade Costume.—Single-breasted morning coat of any suitable material, the lapel

and collar being covered with rich black ribbed silk. Vest of the double-breasted form, without collar, and opening low.

FIG. 3. Lady's Riding-Dress.—Habit of fine black cloth; the train long, and full at the bottom, but having the breadths gored, so as to sit with less fullness below the waist. Basquine body, without collar, fastening at the neck only, and having the front edge cut away, with the corners rounded off. The skirt of the basquine is rather long, and the back is made with plaits like those of a coat. It is trimmed with fine black silk braid.

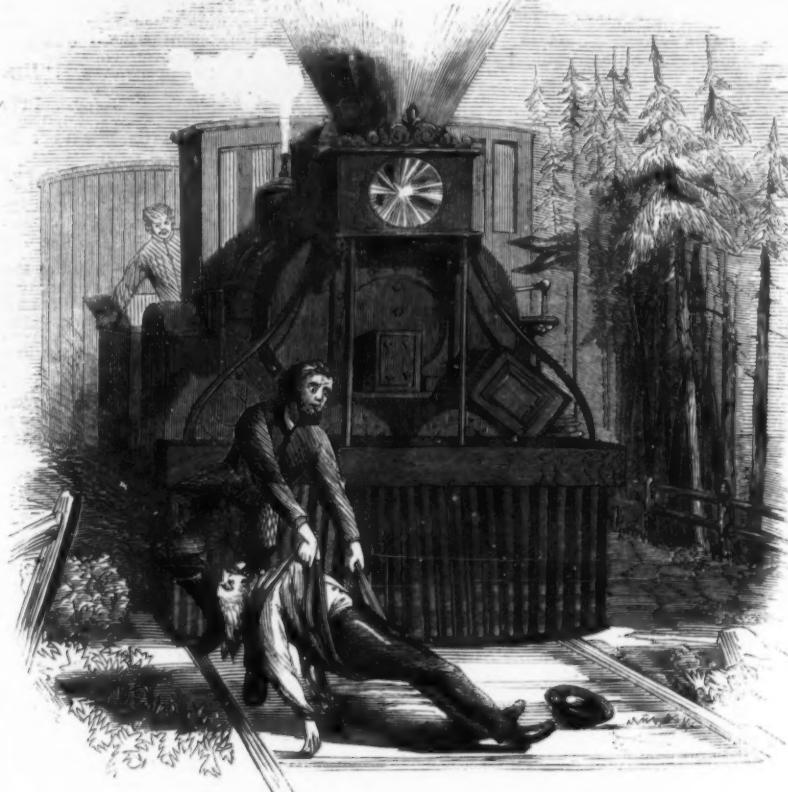
FIGS. 2 and 4. Lounging Costume.—Single-breasted jacket of the paletot form, cut to hang perfectly square, with the corner of the skirts rounded off. It fastens at the neck by a single button, and has the collar, of the shawl form, covered with

A DARING FEAT.

RAILROAD men are often considered reckless and unfeeling, but instances frequently occur that exhibit, on their part, the noblest feelings, and a willingness to sacrifice themselves for the safety of others.

The incident shown in the illustration recently took place on the Grand Trunk (Canada) Railroad, and is thus described by the *Montreal Gazette*:

"Mr. T. Laughland, driver of Engine No. 73, was coming down the line on the 28th ult., with No. 7 freight train, when, on passing round the curve, two miles west of Cornwall, he saw a drunken man sleeping on the track. He immediately whistled down the brakes, which the conductor and brakeman applied as quickly as possible; but the distance was so short that it



A DARING FEAT.

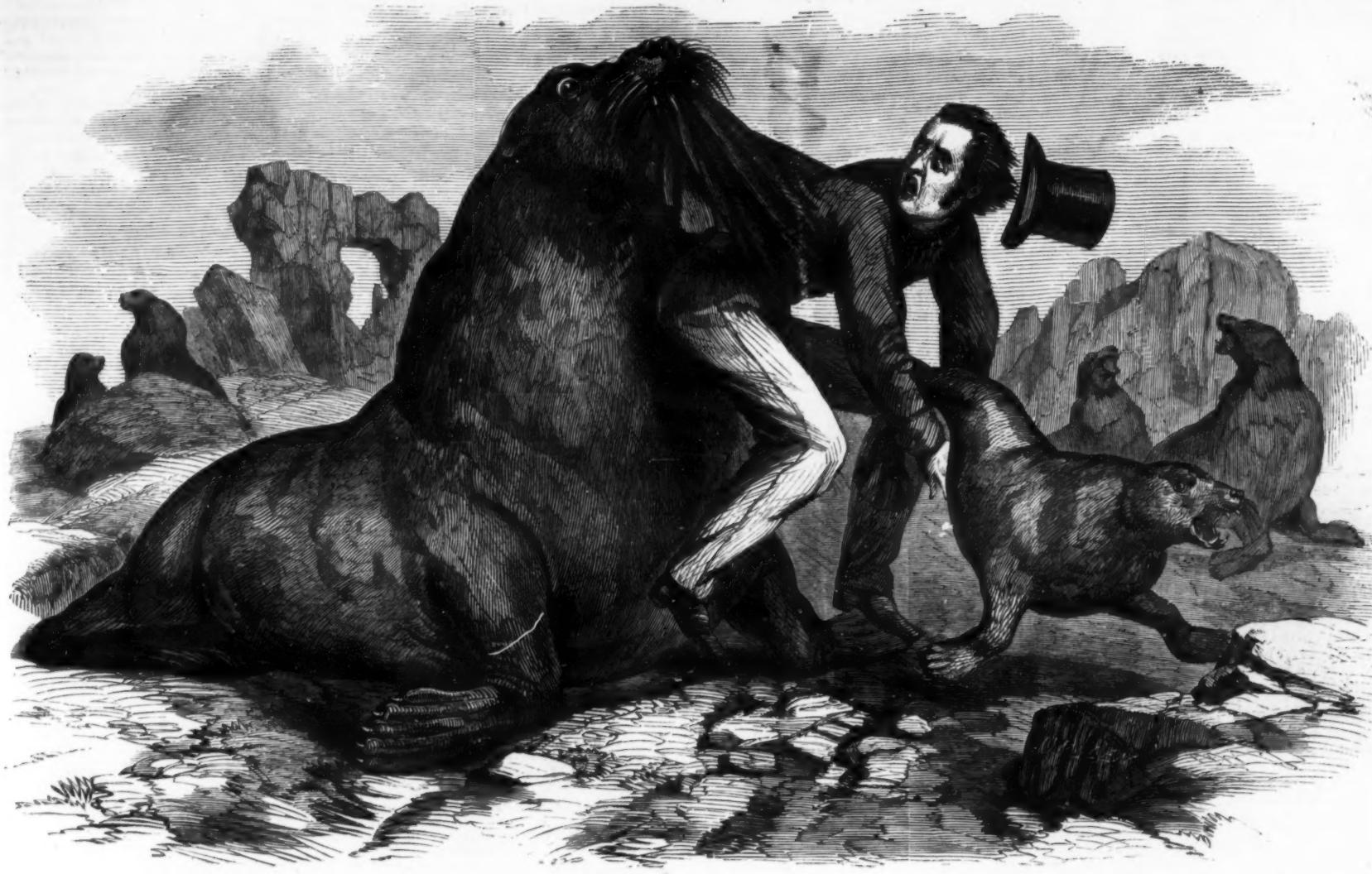
velvet. The back is without seam in the middle, and the openings of the pockets are placed at the tops of large welts, stitched round to imitate flaps. Underneath is worn a vest, without collar, double-breasted, and opening rather low.

FIG. 5. Visiting Costume, for visits of ceremony, weddings, etc.—The dress coat is of superfine black cloth, the collar of the shawl form, and covered with rich silk to match. The fronts are cut so that the coat may be worn buttoned or unbuttoned.

was impossible to pull up in time. Laughland immediately ran out on the cow-catcher, and as the locomotive came up, he stooped forward and seized the man by the neck and endeavored to pull him on to the cow-catcher; but being unable to do so, he jumped off with the man, and succeeded in throwing him clear of the train. The whole train of 17 cars passed the place before it could be stopped. On learning the facts, the authorities ordered that two days' pay should be handed over



WALKING, RIDING AND VISITING MODES FOR 1866, FROM MODELS PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A SEA LION.

to Laughland, as a slight reward for his gallant conduct."

The high appreciation of this noble conduct on the part of the authorities is especially worthy of note; and in future, engineers who peril their lives to save a stranger's, may expect a slight increase of pay as the reward for their heroic endeavor.

TRAGEDY.

THE illustration with this title proves that the face is a good index to the feelings, and the picture is an excellent study. One can readily imagine how, as the scenes of the drama succeed each other these spectators are swayed with con-

MACARONI-MAKING.

It was toward the afternoon that we got into Amalfi. A host of touts besieged us in vain; and as Domenico, the driver of the coach that brought us, usually gets a fee from the padrone of the inn for every guest he brings, he was eloquent in its praise. An army of beggars surrounded us, shouting for a "bottiglia;" and, thus accompanied, we arrived at the doors of the Locanda dei Cappuccini, where the Don Mattheo is something of a magnifico, and seems to think it somewhat of a condescension to play the host. The fare and treatment are very good.

I had a special object in view, which was to describe the great branch of industry by which Amalfi and the neighborhood subsist.

"Where will you take us, Luigi?" said I to my cicerone, "to see macaroni made?"

"Well, sir, Gambardella is the largest maker," was the reply.

Off we went to the great flour prince of Amalfi. A stream of water rushing down from the mountains in front of a great factory, marked the place we were in search of; but, before entering, I stopped to purify my shoes from dirt acquired in the way. One rushed to get water, another straw, and another a brush.

"I'll skin this stranger!" said the first of my eager assistants. "If I don't get half a piastre out of him—may I be hanged!"

"You have made a mistake," I replied, in Italian. On which the whole party laughed heartily.

The scene within the fabrica was comical enough. A crowd of men and boys, half blind with flour, and as white as cauliflowers, sat on a lever, bumping up and down; and making it describe the arc of a circle. Grinding, sifting, mixing, kneading and pressing, were all going on in the same place; the manufactured article being taken to another place to dry. With pencil in hand and book on a sack, I began to take notes.

"He is going to make a story about us," said some of the men who had mustered around us.

"No, he is not," said others; "he is going to set up a macaroni fabrica in England."

"Signor! will you take me with you?" said a sharp-looking, fair-complexioned young man. "Fifteen hundred ducats only will set it going."

The poor fellow was really in earnest, I believe, and was somewhat disappointed when I assured him of his mistake.

The grain used for making macaroni is of the very hardest qualiyit, is grown principally in Puglia, and is known as Saragala. It is washed in the mountain stream which flows down from behind the city, and woe to the wearied traveler who is awakened at the dawn of day by the numerous grain-washers. The operation is cleverly and rapidly done, and amusing enough it is to watch it. When ground—which it is by the action of water-mills—the flour is sifted into five different qualities. The first is called Farina, which, being sifted, is divided into Fiore and Brenna. The fiore is used for making the ordinary macaroni, whilst the brenna is used as food for the horses and pigs. The fiore is itself again sifted



TRAGEDY—HOW A PART OF THE AUDIENCE WAS AFFECTED BY THE PLAY.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SEA-LION.

On the rocky islands off the coast of California, thousands of sea-lions may often be seen reposing in easy indifference, and forming an immense menagerie. At the approach of a stranger they generally take to the water, unless they are watching over their young, when, with open mouths and protruding tusks, they warn the intruder against too near an approach.

A recent visitor to the haunts of these animals thus relates his experience: "My companion and myself had spent some time watching the young seals at play with each other, and listening to the low moaning of the older ones, that sounded very like the braying of a mule. Occasionally, as we threw a stone among them, the majority hastened off to the water and disappeared beneath the surface. Desirous of bringing away a trophy, my friend caught a young calf, and was carrying it off in triumph, when an old warrior, evidently a patriarch of the tribe, suddenly advanced upon him, seized the skirt of his coat, and with one angry shake and a loud and fearful roar, tore it from his body. This part of the programme had not been anticipated, and we gladly relinquished our booty and made good our escape, nor deeming a repetition of the experiment in the least desirable."

flicting emotions of wonder, sorrow, indignation and surprise, unconscious that they themselves are performing a side-play not in the bills. We can conjecture the character of the play from the effect it produces on these personages, and as it is not often that such marked results are manifested, the actors must be highly gratified with the evident appreciation of their impersonations.

THE DOG DIANA NURSING LIONS.

This is one of those occasional incidents that show how natural instincts are sometimes extended to embrace objects beyond their ordinary exercise. The dam of these young lions having died, they were adopted and nursed by Diana, a favorite dog in the menagerie, which watched over them as tenderly as if they had been her own litter, until they had grown sufficiently not to need her care. The evident pride the dog takes in her strange family, and the devotion she manifests toward them, are worthy of note, while she seems wholly unconscious of the peculiar relation she is sustaining to her dependents, and the singular attachment she has formed.



THE DOG DIANA NURSING SIX YOUNG LIONS, AT THE MENAGERIE DU CIRQUE NAPOLEON, PARIS, FRANCE.

until a yet finer quality, called *azemmataas*, is formed. This is used to make a superior kind of macaroni. A last sifting produces semolina, the finest kind which can be formed.

The flour is well mixed in a large tub, in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ carafe of water (a carafe being about a pint, and a half), to 150 Neapolitan pounds of flour. The quantity thus used, goes by the name of *a Pasta*, and is put on a large kneading-board. At the further end of the board a long lever moves horizontally by a swivel; and on the other extremity of it sit three or four half-naked, girdled men, who, for three-quarters of an hour, move backward and forward on a kind of horizontal see-saw, describing diminutive arcs of circles. In this way the lever is brought to bear upon the dough, kneading and cutting it till it is ready for pressing. The men remind one of figures in Egyptian drawings—stiff and unnatural. The hard work, however, and there is always a relief party to take the place of the exhausted men. The last operation is most important, as it gives its character and form to the macaroni.

There are various kinds of macaroni, or pasta, rejoicing in different names, as vermicelli *stellata* (starred), acine, dipope, ricciifluitan (flowing rocks); *semaza de meloni* (melon seed), occhi di pernici (partridge eye), capelletti (little hats), stivalletton (small boots), punti del ago (needle points). The first is that long sort which we English use as a *dolce* or *au gratin*. All the others are used to thicken soup, like barley.

First, let me speak of the vermicelli: When kneaded, the dough is put into a large copper cylindrical vessel, hollow above and below, but at the lower extremity is fixed a movable plate, perforated with holes. When held up to the light, it looks like the section of a honeycomb, being circular. On the top of the cylinder is a block, corresponding to its size, and the whole is then exposed to the action of a press. Screw goes the press, and far below, from out of the holes of the cylinder, a series of white worms protrude their heads. Screw, screw again, and out they come—longer and longer; until, having arrived at the legitimate length, they are cut off; and so the operation of screwing and cutting is continued until the whole quantity of dough is exhausted. The vermicelli is then hung upon poles for drying; which requires usually about eight days, under favorable circumstances, a north wind being always preferred, as a sirocco wind is preferred for the kneading.

With regard to the smaller kinds of paste, they are made by a mixture of machinery and hand-work. Thus, the cylinder being placed horizontally, a man with a razor stands by the side, and, as the dough protrudes through the holes, he cuts it off immediately into small bits—a simple and primitive method enough.

The smallest kinds of all are made, however, by hand, and principally at Minori and Majuri, two small villages which we passed en route for Amalfi. In fact, the whole coast lives by making and eating macaroni; and one probable reason of this is, that lying, as the whole of this district does, under lofty mountains, which are intersected by deep ravines, down which pour mighty torrents, there is an unlimited supply of water power. I was informed that in Amalfi alone about 90,000 tomoli of flour are consumed annually for all purposes; a very small proportion for bread, for your macaroni-eater is not a great bread-eater. Altogether, there are about 20 fabrieche of macaroni in the city, each fabrieche employing, in the simple manufacture of the article, about 15 hands. Then a much larger number of persons are occupied in the washing, and preparation, and carriage of grain; for everything is done by hand, and great numbers prepare macaroni on a small scale, without dignifying their more limited enterprises with the title of fabrics. Gambardella is evidently the great man of the place, for he imports his own grain; has four brigantini of 250 tons each, which bring up grain from Manfredonia and Sicily; and what Gambardella does not consume, he sells amongst his neighbors.

Let me now put on a paper cap and a white apron, and, before concluding this article, give some experience hints on the cooking of macaroni: In England, it is boiled to a pulp—error he first. First take your water—as Mrs. Glass night say—let it boil well, and then put in your macaroni. The finger will soon ascertain whether the macaroni is softening; and before it loses its consistency, you must take it up. Now then for your sauces. You may mix with it either a good tomato sauce, or a rich meat gravy, and a plate of grated cheese must be placed on the table, out of which you must perfume sprinkle your macaroni. There are many other more complicated and luxurious ways of dressing the article, which are beyond the reach of my science. With the smaller kinds you will enrich your soups, and some of them you may convert into a really delicious dish, called Priest Stranglers, so fond are the reverend gentlemen said to be of it.

When we had finished our survey, we found the horses at the door, and so was Domenico. D. Mattheo, from a window at the primo piano, was making divers elegant and condescending bows to us. We rushed through a host of beggars, who beset the path, and away we dashed through Atrani, Majuri, and all the other places which we traversed the day before. There was not a cloudlet in the heavens, and the heat was all too powerful; yet it was the middle of November. What a climate! what a country! and yet what a government!

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

A CALIFORNIA correspondent of the Times gives the following ray illustration of life in Sacramento City, the Capital of California:

"If asked to define Sacramento, I should say it is a place where somebody shoots at everybody and hits nobody. They call it a dull place. Perhaps it is, but it is quite lively enough for me. Each time that I have visited Sacramento it has been my fortune to have bullets singing about my ears, without myself having

any interest in the row, or even knowing what it was all about. The last time it was a genuine case of crowding the mourners."

"In company with three or four friends last Sunday afternoon, I stood in front of the Orleans Hotel. A gentleman of my acquaintance was coming toward our group, and I hailed him to know when he had arrived from Collingsville—a joke that your people would scarcely understand, even though I explained it to them. He was looking intently down the street, past us, as though he saw a ghost, and made no reply; the next moment he dodged up against the building. Thinking that he saw some one he didn't wish to see—a sharpie, perhaps—or that some one was pointing a 'weapin' at him, we all turned round, just in time to see a man run out into the street a few rods below, while another man, who was flourishing a huge revolver in his hand, opened fire on him. At first it was quite amusing, and we all stood for an instant looking on to see the fellow fall; but he knew a trick worth two of that, and suddenly ran in, intranching himself behind an awning-post, and then began to shoot up-street at his opponent. Bang, Buzz! I can hear those infernal bullets whistling around my ears yet. Such a sudden dispersal of a crowd you never saw. There were probably not less than 150 people on the sidewalk when the firing began—in less than three seconds not a soul was to be seen. Lieut. Ellis suddenly remembered that his wife was waiting for him up-stairs; Mark Twain thought he saw a gentleman beckoning to him down in the office, and made a dive; Billy Stevenson rushed into the express-office, under the impression that a package had just arrived for him; and I, becoming interested in a painting on the rear of a hack that stood close by, stepped up to examine it. A safer breastwork could not be wished for nor found, but imagine my disgust when the hackman sprang upon the box and drove off at a 2:40 gait, leaving me exposed to the fire of the beligerents. Curiously enough, though both parties emptied their pistols at each other, without any regard to the outsiders that happened to be standing within range, no one was hurt."

"It was very bad shooting for Sunday. The beligerents were two 'short-eared sharps.' A difficulty occurred between them in a saloon in the morning, and one of them had told the other to be 'fixed' when he came down town again. To be fixed, you know, is a favorite phrase with our people. It has many and varied meanings. A man is said to be fixed if he has a brace of derringers or a six-shooter slung to his belt; he is fixed if his relations with any member of the opposite sex are such that he is never at a loss for a place to spend his evenings—in short, to be fixed is to be very comfortably furnished with whatever the occasions requires. (The synonymous phrase about being 'heeled,' is of lower origin, evidently derived from the cock-pit.) Well, as I was saying, the party who was requested to fix himself, came down town a little while after, and the moment he saw the other party he pulled and banged away at him, utterly regardless of the probability of his fixing, most uncomfortably, a few of those who happened to be standing in the vicinity. Perhaps there were policemen around, but if so, I didn't see them. But I did see several gentlemen leaving the scene in different directions, and I will venture to say that upon the costal of every one of them a game of cards could have been played."

THE NEW METHOD OF SHOEING HORSES.

A PARIS blacksmith has claimed, as his own invention, what he terms a new method of preparing the foot of the horse for shoeing. This claim is founded upon leaving the frog and sole uncut to rest upon the ground, cutting only the wall of the hoof half an inch in depth, thus placing the shoe upon the wall or cruse, etc., without describing the kind of shoe to be used, or how many nails to use. Now, this is only one of the features in the Goodenough system, and is of little avail without their patent shoe is used. The success of the Goodenough Horse Shoe proceeds from the manner in which the hoof is prepared to receive the shoe, and then the shoe itself renders the horse perfectly at ease, and master of every step it takes. Another peculiar feature in the Goodenough patent is, that no shoe shall be burnt on, and in addition to this, the shoe being much lighter, it does not require such heavy nails to fasten on, thereby diminishing the chance of penetrating the sensitive portion of the hoof—the great cause of lameness in horses. There is also another feature in these shoes, which makes them as superior to all other horse shoes, as the elegant shoe of Broadway is to the wooden shoes of the French peasant.

CONGRESS WATER AND CHOLERA.

If credence can be given to a tithe of the experiences that find a place in the papers, none of the "ills that flesh is heir to" can be more readily managed and need cause so little apprehension as cholera. And yet there is much that is doubtless valuable in these suggestions. Chancellor Walworth has detailed his experience in 1832. He had repeated attacks of the disease, and in every instance used a pill composed of five parts of calomel to one of opium, with a small addition of camphor, in connection with Congress water, which he drank freely. He states that the regular and constant use of the water, with proper care as to diet, was a sure preventive of the disease. Saratoga will be more secure than ever this season if people can secure exemption from the dreaded pestilence, in addition to all the attractions of that charming resort, while the demand for the water, on the part of those who are compelled to remain at home will, doubtless, be largely increased. The specific is a cheap and agreeable one; let all try it.

PETRIFIED BUFFALO.—A St. Louis paper publishes the following paragraph: This extraordinary curiosity was discovered about two years since by some trappers belonging to Capt. Bent's company, lying on the side of one of the beaver dams of the Rio Grande of the North (a stream emptying itself into the Gulf of California), whose waters, it is said, possess the petrifying qualities to an eminent degree, its shores abounding in specimens of various animal and vegetable productions in a petrified state. The petrified buffalo is described by those who have seen it to be as perfect in its petrification as when living, with the exception of a hole in one of the sides, about four inches in diameter, around which the hair has been worn off, probably by the friction of the water, in which it must have lain for ages past to have produced such a phenomenon. The hair on the hump and shoulders, neck, forehead and tail, though converted into almost a smooth surface, may be easily discerned. The horns, eyes, nostrils, mouth and legs, are as perfect in their stone as in their pristine state. The country in which this rare specimen was found is inhabited by the Enteaux, a roving tribe of savages, who subsist, a great portion of their lives, on insects, snakes, toads, roots, &c. This tribe being particularly hostile to the whites, renders the acquisition of this curiosity an undertaking not a little hazardous; notwithstanding this, and many other difficulties to be surmounted, such as distance, expense, &c., our enterprising citizen, Capt. Charles Bent, contemplated procuring and bringing it to the United States with him, on his return from Santa Fe, during the ensuing autumn.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the bank. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother—if anything, a little older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHEN are soldiers like blacksmiths? When they are drilling and filing.

WHAT plaything is above every other? The top.

AT what time should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a bar-maid.

A CRUELY old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

"GUILTY or not guilty?" sharply said a judge, the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock.

"Just as your honor pleases; it's not for the likes of me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

WHY is the letter Y like an extravagant son? It makes Pa pay.

WHEN a bear enters a dry-goods store, what does he want? Muslim (maxing).

WHAT two fish should be tied together on a frosty day? Shates and soles.

WHEN is money damp? When it becomes due in the morning and mist in the afternoon.

WHEN did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his four fathers (forefathers).

WHAT is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of? A good appetite.

WHY has a clock a bashful appearance? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

WHAT do we often drop and never stop to pick up? A hint.

WHO is the lady whose visits nobody wishes though her mother is welcomed by all parties? Mis(s) Fortune.

WHY is a forged bank-note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

BILLINGS says: "I could never find the meaning of the word 'collide' in Webster. But riding one day on the New York railway I saw it all. It was the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly, it was a shocking failure."

An indignant lady describes metaphysics as "Two men talking together; one of them trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other unable to understand him."

"FATHER, I was reading to-day about illuminated manuscripts; what were they lit with?" "With the light of other days, my son."

JONES says a person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up; for instance (says he), a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

"I THINK," said a fellow the other day, "I should make a good Member of Congress, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

THE WAY OF LIFE.—Broadway.

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.—"A chieftain to the Highlands bound"—Prometheus.

AN ARCH-ANGEL.—Tennyson speaks of the "Angel of the rainbow." That must be an arch-angel.

A WINK.—Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink.

THE LAZIEST MAN.—Why is Chang the laziest man in the world?

Because, on account of his height, he is the longest in bed.

FELT.—A hatter advertises that his hats fit so easily on the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Unquestionably the best hats are not felt.

PROFESSIONS.—Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example? Because they always practice their professions.

On being told of a surgeon who amputated a lady's arm, and afterward married her, Nix wondered how she could have got around him so.

THE FIRST LOVE KISS.—A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but soon over.

THE COWKEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

"YOU cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop them, dear."

POOR consolation for us survivors that "the good die first."

BEN JOHNSON said of a certain lawyer who died, "He has simply gone to stay with his best client."

THE TWO KINGS.—The two kings that rule in America—Jo-king and smo-king.

WHY are strikes unscriptural? Because they are contrary to the law of law.

"MENTAL ABSTRACTION."—Stealing the ideas of others, and fancying them your own.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

THE COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, have extracted teeth for 11,485 patients with laughing gas, all of whom by their signatures certify that it was done without pain, and that the gas was pleasant. Not an accident has happened with it. Dr. CARNOCHAN and all our leading surgeons endorse the gas as the best and only really safe anesthetic now in use.

COPELAND'S COUNTRY LIFE. DINSMORE & CO., Boston. This is a most comprehensive book on agriculture, horticulture, and landscape gardening, and deserves a place on every table, more especially those belonging to country people. It contains 236 pages and 250 illustrations, all of which are of special interest.

A COUNTER ALTERNATIVE.—Shall I, (writes a Paris correspondent), give a story of one of those *âmes dites* who are periodically foolish for the amusement of the Parisians? The scene is a barber's shop. Enter a lord, carrying a little black bag; he takes out a guinea—where did he find it?—and a pair of pistols. "Shaver," says this nobleman, "my face is very tender. Shave me without cutting me, and I give you this"—shows the golden guinea—"cut me, and you see those"—indicates the pistols. "Good," says the barber, and shaves him like the palm of my hand. "You were not nervous about my pistols, then?" asked my lord. "Not the least in the world," replied the artist; "if by accident I had scraped you, I should just have cut your throat, and then behold you finished!" My lord retires at the *soirée* faire of the Frenchman.

COLEMAN'S TWILIGHT DREAMS. Waltz. D'Albert. For Violin 15 cents; Piano 15 cents. 35 cents.

THREE O'CLOCK. Galop. For Violin, 15 cents; Piano 15 cents. 35 cents.

MABEL WALTZ, by D. Godfrey, For Violin, 15 cents; Piano 15 cents. 35 cents.

NINE PINS QUADRILLE. The set is formed same as plain Cotillion, with an extra Gent.

The "Nine Pin" in the centre. Complete Figures and Music 35 cents.

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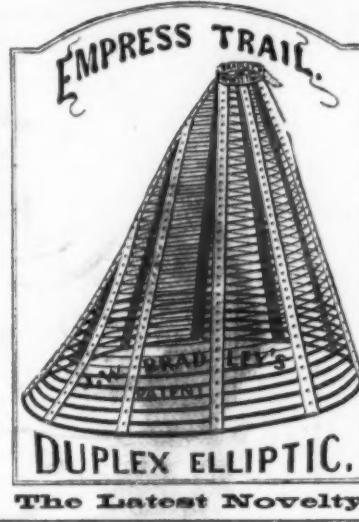
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This Soap is made from clean and pure materials, contains no adulteration of any kind, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is especially adapted for wools, which will not shrink after being washed with this Soap. It may be used in hard or salt water. It will remove paint, grease, tar and stains of all kinds. One pound warranted equal to two pounds of ordinary family soap. Directions sent with each bar for making three gallons handsome soft soap from one pound of this Soap. Each bar is wrapped in a circular containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. Ask your grocer for "B. T. Babbitt's Soap," and take no other.

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